HOPWOOD & CREW'S

BANJO TUTOR

(FOR THE 5, 6, OR 7-STRINGED BANJO),

ENABLING ANYONE TO BECOME EFFICIENT IN THE ART OF PLAYING THE BANJO WITHOUT THE AID OF A MASTER,

CONTAINING THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

TABLE OF ALL NECESSARY SCALES IN THE MAJOR & MINOR KEYS.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS OF HOW TO STRING, TUNE, AND HANDLE THE INSTRUMENT.

Also A DIAGRAM SHOWING AT A GLANCE EVERY NOTE THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE UPON THE BANJO.

Following the Instructive part, is a good

Selection of original Banjo Jigs, Breakdowns, &c., graduating in difficulty, original selections as solos, Duets for 2 Banjos, and Banjo and Piano.

Also a well selected collection of

COMIC SONGS, HUNTING SONGS, BOATING SONGS, WALTZES, POLKAS, GALOPS, &c., &c.

Rendering this the most Complete Work on the Banjo ever Published.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

R. H. DAVIES.

PRICE EIGHTEENPENCE NET.

London:

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Makers of the Prize "Thimble" Banjo, as used by the Principal Professional Performers.

Also sole Agents for Kemp's Silver Trumpet Gong Banjo (Patent), The Champion Banjo of the World.

R. H. DAVIES' BANJO TUTOR.

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R. H. Davies gives instructions on the Banjo. For terms and all particulars apply to 42, New Bond Street.

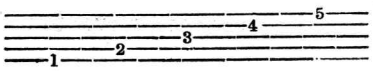
R. H. DAVIES'S

BANJO TUTOR.

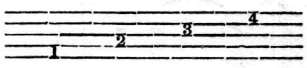
SIMPLE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC FOR THE BANJO.

Music is written upon five lines called a Stave; these five lines include four spaces, and form in all nine degrees of sound. Both lines and spaces are numbered from the bottom of the stave upwards, thus :—

Lines.

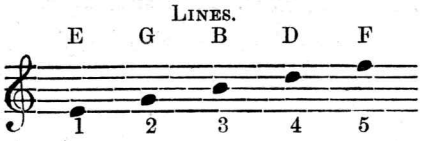


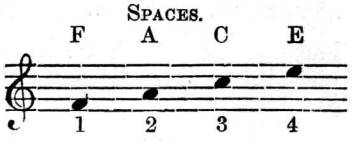
Spaces.



Those signs which determine the Sounds are called Notes, and are named after the first seven letters of the Alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G; the eighth, called the Octave, is only a repetition of the first. The names of notes on the lines, and in the spaces, are as follows :—

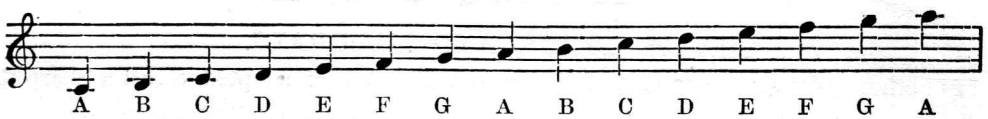
Lines.



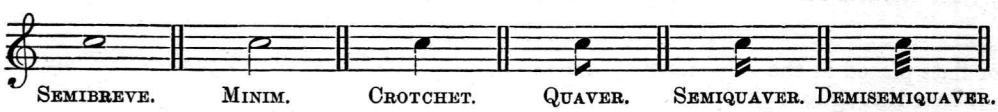
Spaces.

LEGER LINES.

As the notes frequently extend either above or below the stave, added, or leger lines are used, and are reckoned in the same manner as those upon the stave.

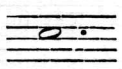
Names of the Notes on the Stave. Leger Lines and Spaces.



The tails of the notes may be turned up or down without changing their value.

Different kinds of notes and their proportionate value :—

A Semibreve is equal to 2 Minims, or 4 Crotchets, or 8 Quavers, or 16 Semiquavers, or 32 Demisemiquavers.

THE DOT.

The Dot placed after a note increases its length by one half, thus :—a dotted Semibreve  is equal to 3 Minim, or 6 Crotchets, &c.

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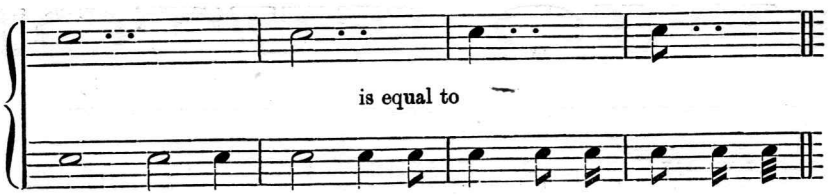
TWO DOTS.

A second Dot is often placed after the first when the first Dot follows a Minim, Crotchet, or a Quaver; in this case the second Dot is equal to one half the length of the first.

Two Dots placed after a Note.



THE SLUR, ⁀.

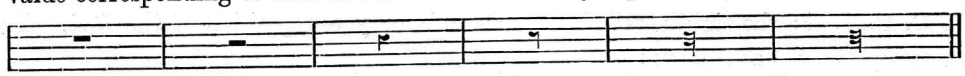
A Slur ⁀ placed over a succession of Notes signifies that they are to be played in a smooth and flowing style.

THE TIE.

A Bind or Tie placed over two notes of the same line, or space, serves to unite them into one.

RESTS.

Rests have a value corresponding to that of the notes which they represent. Their forms are as follows :—

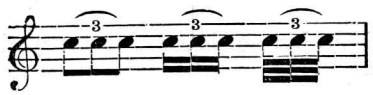
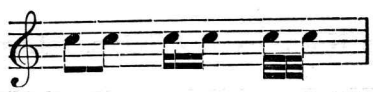


Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.

The dot, and the double dot, of which we have treated in the preceding section, may also be placed after rests, and serve to increase their value in the same proportion.

THE TRIPLET.

Three notes written thus form a Triplet, which signifies that the three notes must be played in the time of two of the same kind of notes.

Written.

To be played in the time of.

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

In order to form other scales similar to that of C, three signs have been adopted, called a Sharp ♯, a Flat ♭, and a Natural ♮.

A Sharp (♯) placed before a note, raises it a half tone; *i.e.*, it must be played a half tone higher.

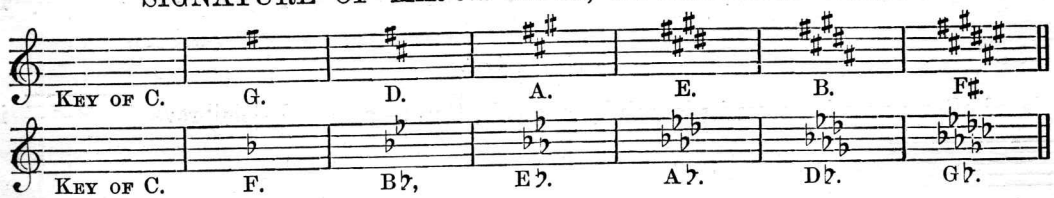
A Flat (♭) lowers a note half a tone.

A Natural (♮) counteracts the effect of either a sharp or a flat, and restores the note to its original position.

THE SIGNATURE.

The sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a staff after the clef form the Signature. They affect all the notes bearing the same names throughout the piece.

SIGNATURE OF MAJOR KEYS, SHARPS AND FLATS.



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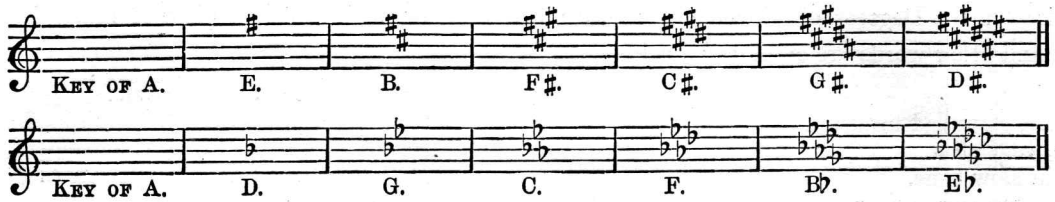
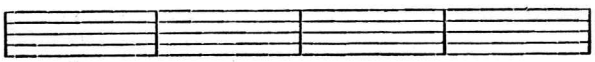
SIGNATURE OF MINOR KEYS, SHARPS AND FLATS.



BARS.

Every piece of music is divided into equal portions of time called Bars, or measures, which are placed between two short thin lines drawn perpendicularly across the stave, thus:—



A double Bar, thus, divides the composition into strains. A double Bar, thus, with dots, indicates that the music on the same side as the dots must be repeated, and with dots on both sides, thus, the strain on each side must be repeated.

D.C. (or Da Capo) written at the end of a measure indicates to commence again from the beginning of the piece.

(𝄋) When this sign appears the second time, repeat from where it occurs the first time and play to the pause (𝄐) sign.

The Pause (𝄐) designates that any note either under or over which it is placed can be sustained or shortened according to the taste of the performer. When placed over a double bar it denotes the end of the piece, after the D.C.

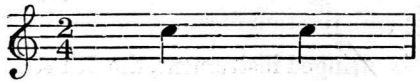
VARIETIES OF TIME.

There are three varieties of time, viz.: Common, Triple, and Compound. They are expressed by figures placed at the beginning of a piece, after the signature.

Common Time.

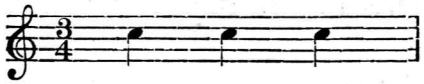
Four Crotchets, or their equivalent in each measure.

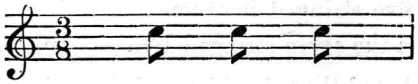
Two Crotchets, or their equivalent in each measure.



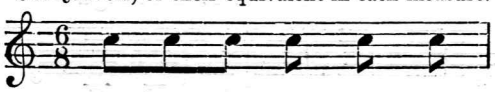
Triple Time.

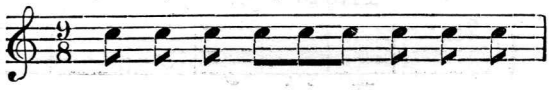
Three Crotchets, or their equivalent in each measure.



Three Quavers, or their equivalent in each measure.

Compound Time.

Six Quavers, or their equivalent in each measure.



Nine Quavers, or their equivalent in each measure.

TO COUNT AND BEAT TIME.

The upper figure denotes the number of Beats or Counts required in each measure; the lower figure the quantity of each beat or count.

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DEGREES OF MOVEMENT.

To make known the Degrees of Movement, whether fast or slow, with which a piece of music is to be played, several Italian and other words are employed, such as—

Largo, slow.
Larghetto, slow and measured.
Adagio, very slow.
Lento, in slow time.
Andante, somewhat slow and sedate.
Andantino, faster than *Andante*.
Allegro, quick, lively.
Allegretto, not so quick as *Allegro*.
Moderato, in moderate time.
Presto, very quick.
Da Capo or *D.C.*, from the beginning.
Grazioso, gracefully.
Vivace, with vivacity.

Dolce, a soft and sweet style.
Chromatic, proceeding by semitones.
Pastorale, a soft and rural movement.
Rallentando, a gradual diminution.
Tempo Giusto, in short time.
Tempo Primo, in the first time.
Volti Subito or *V.S.*, turn over quick.
Legato, in a smooth manner.
Piano or *p*, soft.
Pianissimo or *pp*, very soft.
Forte or *f*, loud.
Fortissimo or *ff*, very loud.
Maestoso, with majestic expression.

STRINGING THE BANJO.

For the 1st string, D, use a very fine string manufactured expressly for the purpose.
2nd string, B, a fine violin 1st.
3rd string, G, a fine violin 2nd.
4th string, D, can either be a 3rd violin or a fine covered silk string, made expressly for the Banjo.
5th string, C, use a fine Guitar 4th.
6th string, G, use a *double length* violin 4th.
7th, or thumb string, use the same size string as the 1st.
In stringing a *five* stringed Banjo, the 5th and 6th strings are omitted, the others stand the same.

Hopwood & Crew keep a large stock of the best strings, manufactured expressly for the Instrument.

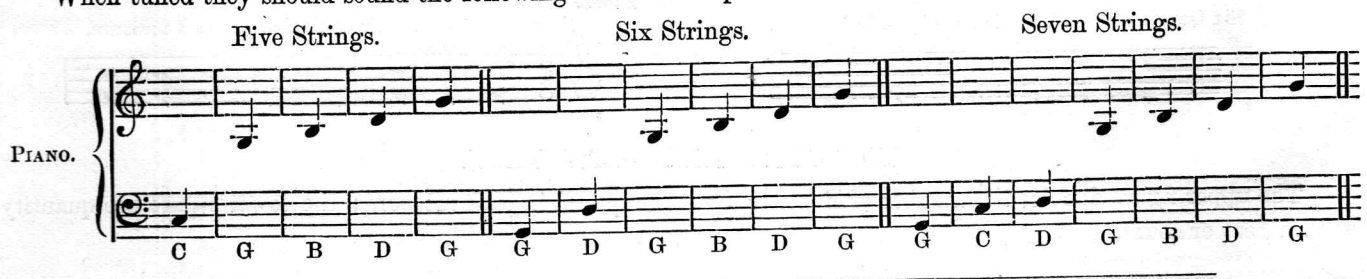
HOW TO TUNE THE BANJO.

For a seven stringed instrument, tune the 6th string to the second G from the bass end of a pianoforte; the 5th string to the C four notes above; 4th string to the next note, D. The 3rd string to the G four notes above (which will sound an octave above the 6th string); the 2nd string to the B three notes above; the 1st string to the D three notes above; and the thumb string to the G four notes higher (which will sound an octave above the 3rd string).

For a six stringed instrument, the 5th string, C, is omitted, the remaining strings are tuned as in the seven stringed Banjo.

For a five stringed instrument, the 5th and 6th strings are omitted, and the 4th string is tuned to C, same as the 5th string on the seven stringed Banjo. In some cases it is tuned to D.

When tuned they should sound the following notes on the pianoforte:—



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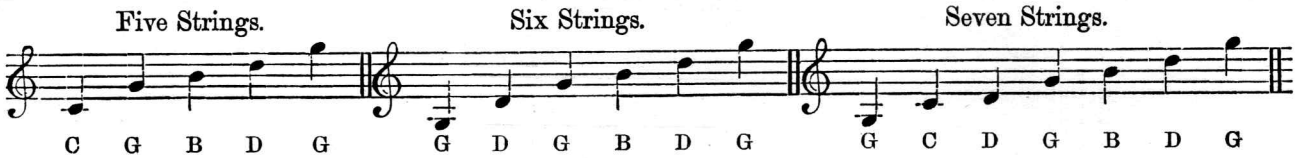
To avoid a treble and bass clef, the music for the Banjo is written an octave higher than for the piano, (*see preceding page*) and the notes are written on one staff, as follows :—



HOW TO HOLD THE INSTRUMENT.

Sit in an easy position with the hoop resting on the right thigh, and the upper edge resting against the body ; the wrist of the right hand should be pressed firmly on the rim of the hoop, with the hand arched over the strings, so that the fingers will press upon them about an inch from the bridge. The neck of the instrument should drop into the hollow of the left hand, between the first finger and thumb.

THE RIGHT HAND.

For playing Breakdown selections, &c., requiring rapid fingering, the thumb, first and second fingers are only used, viz., the second finger for the 1st string, the first finger for the 2nd string, and the thumb for all the others, whilst in accompaniments, the thumb, first, second, and third fingers are brought into use : the third finger for the 1st string, second for the 2nd string, first for the 3rd string, and the thumb for the remainder. In striking the strings, the thumb should be extended outward and the fingers pointing inward towards the palm of the hand ; by this method the pupil will avoid the thumb and first finger meeting when a chord is struck, and will allow both thumb and fingers to have a full sweep of the strings, the motion being the same as though closing the hand. The tips of the fingers are only to be used, and the side of the thumb. Great care should be observed in not pulling the strings up, which will cause a disagreeable slapping noise ; they should be struck with a downward blow towards the vellum, and the movement in doing so is made simply from the finger joints, and not with any motion of the hand. There is a difference existing amongst players with regard to resting the fingers on the vellum to steady the hand—some use the third and fourth, and others only the fourth ; of course, in accompaniments, the fourth only could be used. But the better plan for the beginner would be not to use either, it will present no greater difficulty than keeping the finger down, and it will be the means of gaining him a more powerful tone ; it stands to reason that anything touching the vellum checks the vibration, and consequently, to an extent, deadens the sound.

THE LEFT HAND.

The neck of the instrument should rest in the hollow between the first finger and thumb. Bend the first and second joints of the fingers, giving them the form of an arch, which will enable the *tips* of the fingers to press the strings during the action of making a note. The tighter the fingers are pressed on the strings the clearer will be the tone ; all the fingers are used and sometimes the thumb.

The following signs are used for the fingers, and in the diagrams and scales are placed under the notes on the staff.

1	signifies	the	1st finger.
2	„	„	2nd „
3	„	„	3rd „
4	„	„	4th „
×	„	„	Thumb.
o	„	„	Open String.

It will be observed in the following diagrams that they are arranged for the seven stringed Banjo, but they are equally applicable for either five or six strings.

The pupil is recommended to practise diligently the scales which follow, both ascending and descending ; in descending, the snap should be used, which is made by pulling the finger off the string sharply, thereby causing it to sound the following note without using the right hand. This movement will be of great service in playing rapid passages. In the scales, the notes to be snapped will be marked S.

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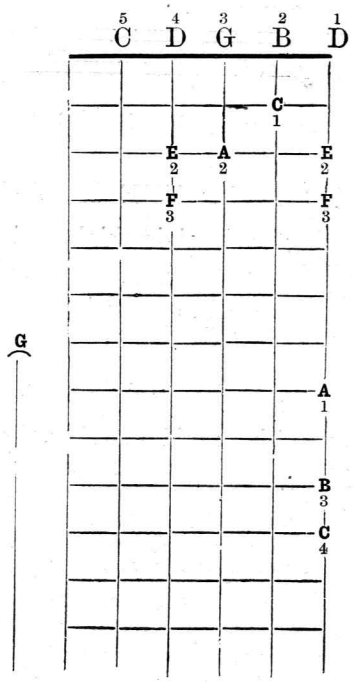
NOTE.—If the pupil makes himself a thorough master of the following Scales and Chords, further Exercises are unnecessary, as the subsequent Easy Melodies are so arranged as to form Exercises in themselves, thus preparing the pupil for the more difficult Selections, &c., that follow.

KEY OF C MAJOR.



The following diagrams show the manner of fingering the chords, both major and minor. The numbers on the finger-board and below the notes signify which finger of the left hand to use.

The strings marked with the star * are not to be played.

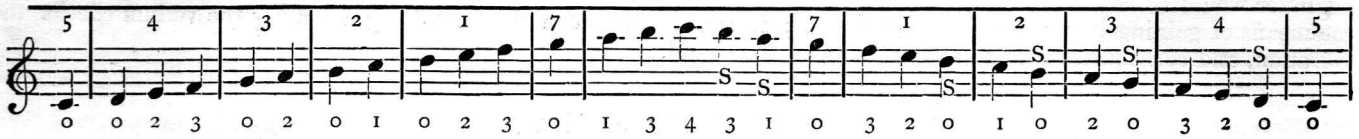
N.B.—Observe the notes in *descending* the scale marked S; they are to be pulled by the finger of the left hand from the note it is on, so that it will sound the following note without using the right hand.

In playing the second chord of A minor, lay the fourth finger across the first and second strings at the third fret, keeping your fingers on for the first chord; thus you will be able to play from the first to the second chords with great rapidity.

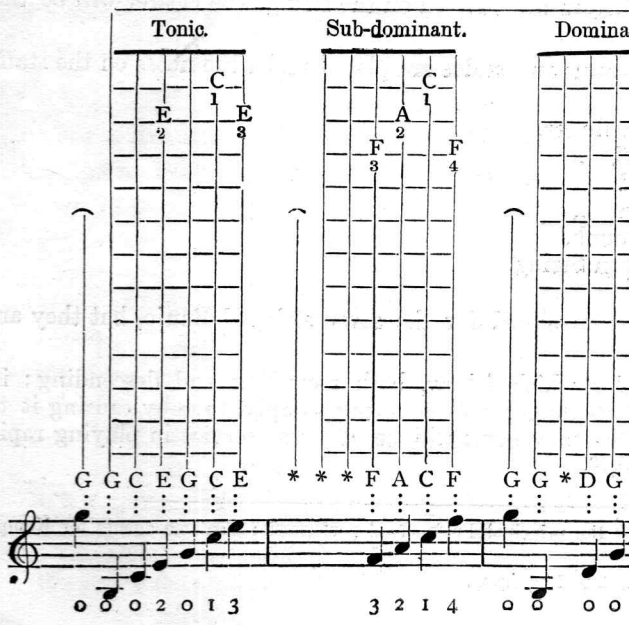
It is not imperative on the part of the performer to play all the notes of the chords that are written down; to omit any of them will not affect the accompaniment, only rendering the volume of sound less.

FRETS.

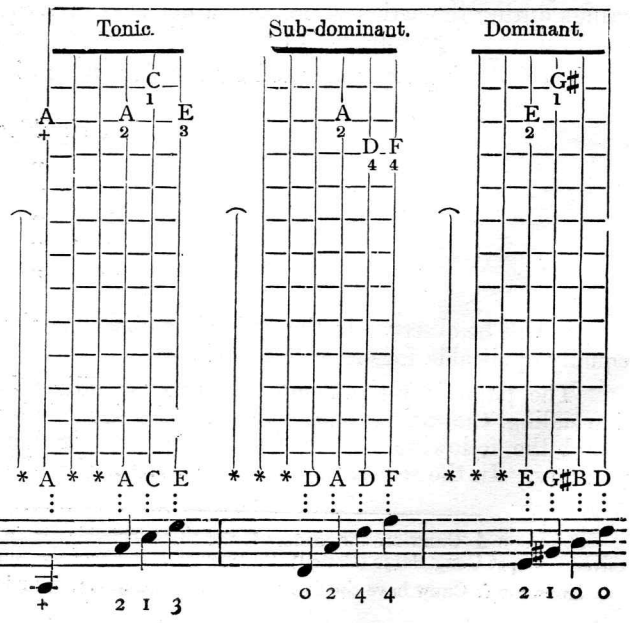
SCALE OF C MAJOR. 7th,9th,10th,9th,7th.



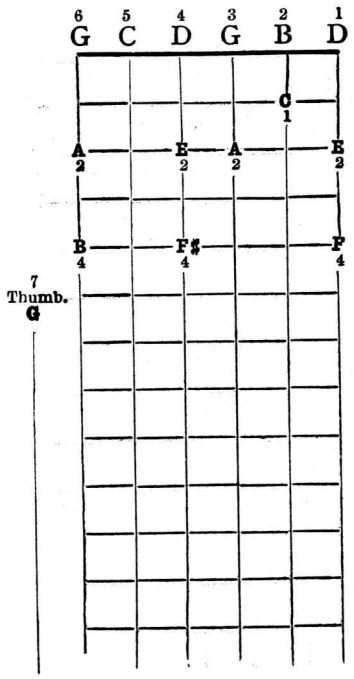
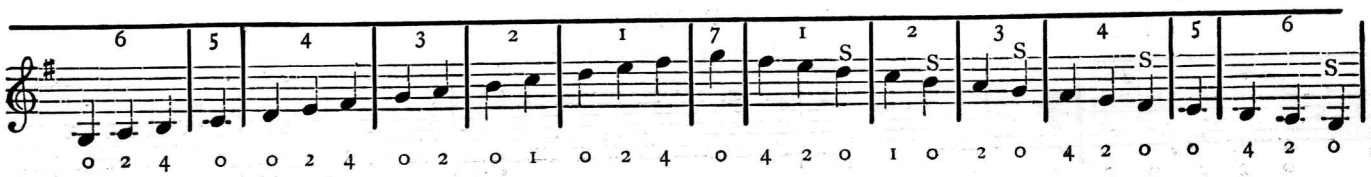
CHORDS IN C MAJOR.



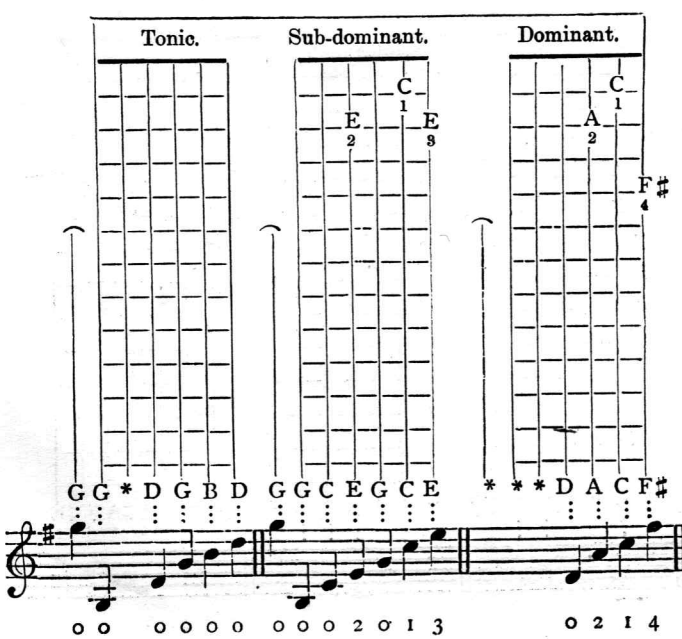
CHORDS IN A MINOR.



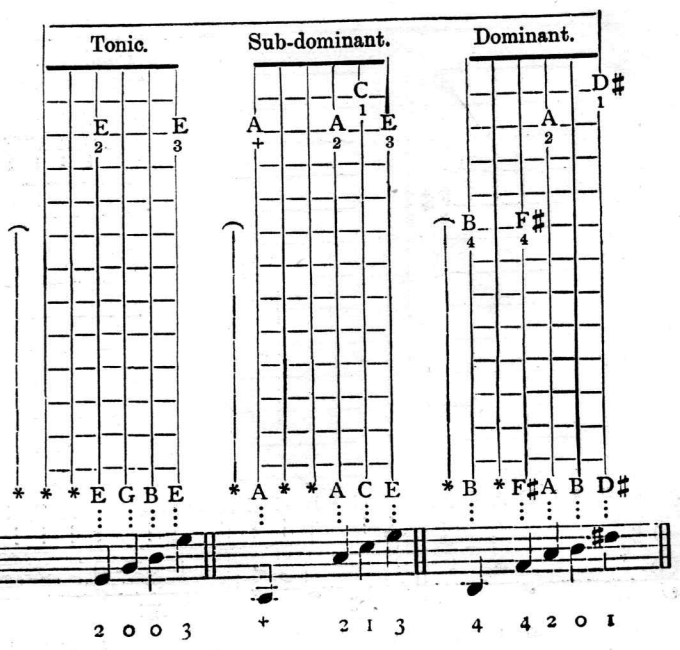
Key of G Major, one Sharp.



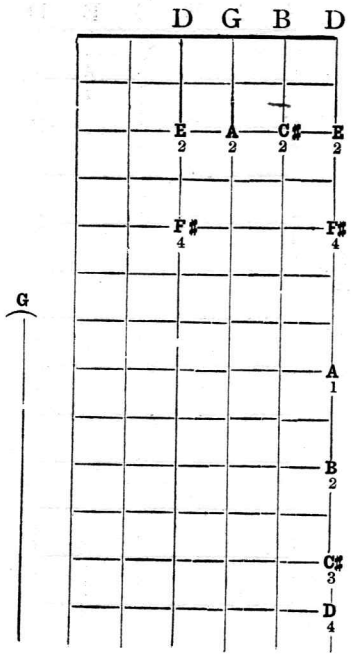
Chords in G Major.



Chords in E Minor.



Key of D Major, Two Sharps.

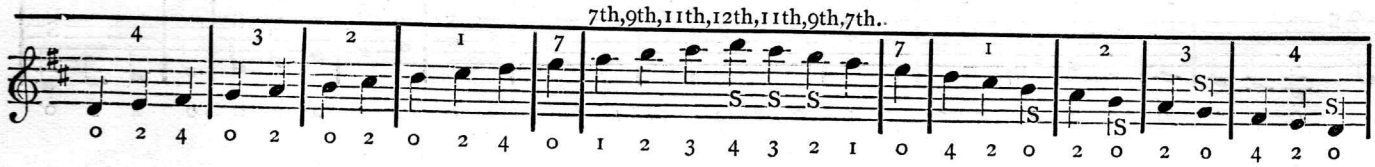


In this key the third string may be tuned to A when the player can use it in the first and third chords.

The third chord is made by placing the first finger across the strings on the second fret, and the thumb for the A on the sixth string.

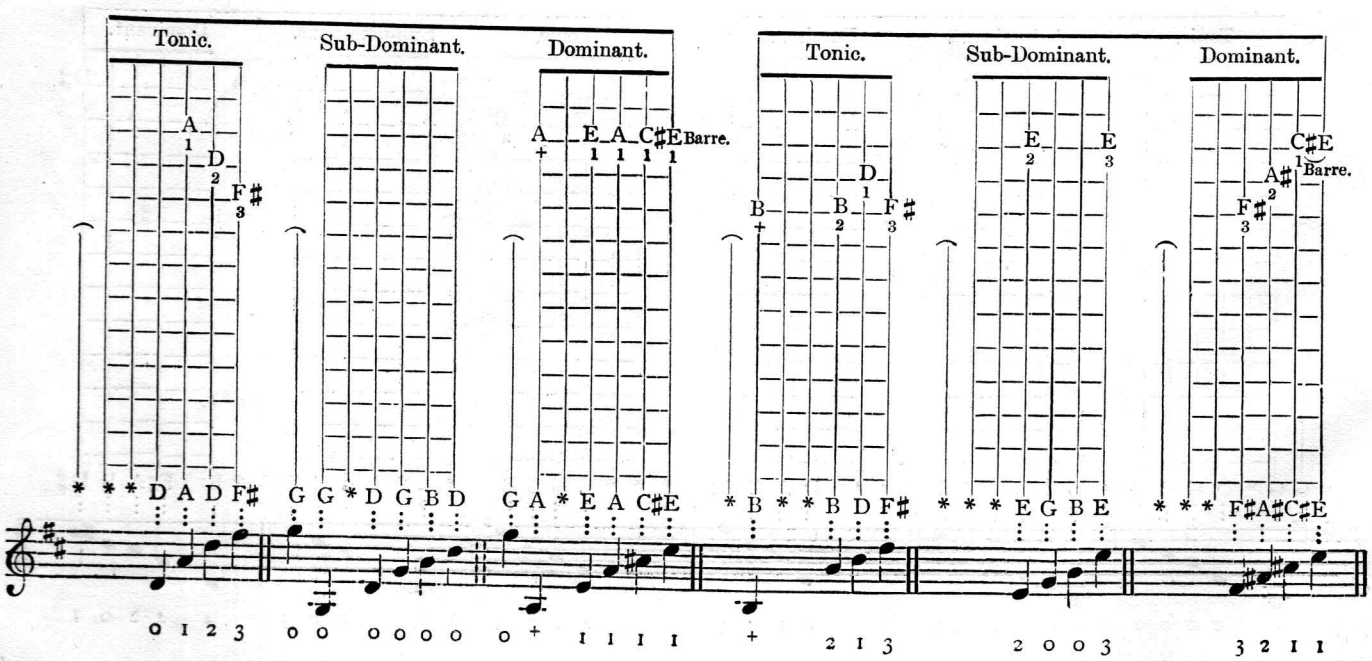
FRETS.

7th,9th,11th,12th,11th,9th,7th..



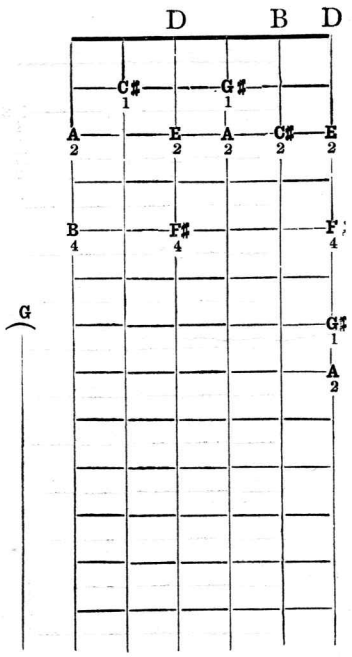
Chords in D Major.

Chords in B Minor.


Tonic.
Sub-Dominant.
Dominant.
Tonic.
Sub-Dominant.
Dominant.
A 1
D 2
F♯ 3
A + E 1 A 1 C♯ 1 E 1 Barre.
B +
D 1
B 2
F♯ 3
E 2
E 3
C♯ 1 E 1 Barre.
A♯ 2
F♯ 3
* * * D A D F♯
G G * D G B D
G A * E A C♯ E
* B * * B D F♯
* * * E G B E
* * * F♯ A♯ C♯ E
0 1 2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 + 1 1 1 1 + 2 1 3 2 0 0 3 3 2 1 1

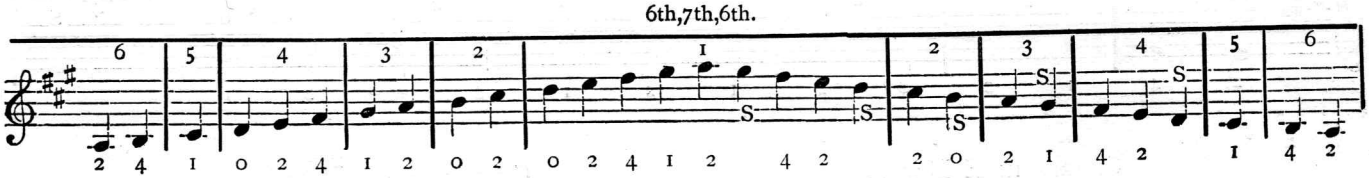
Key of A Major, Three Sharps.

In this key the thumb string may be tuned to A an octave above the A on the third string, or the same note on the first string stopped at the seventh fret.

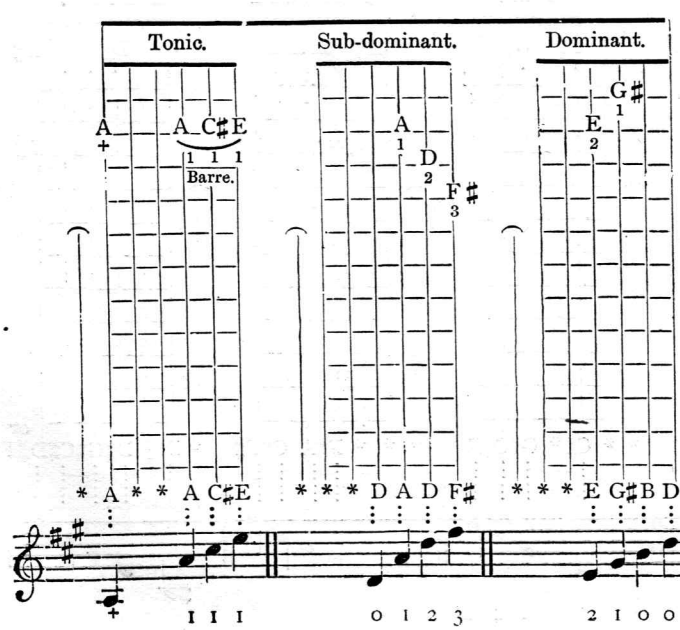


FRETS.

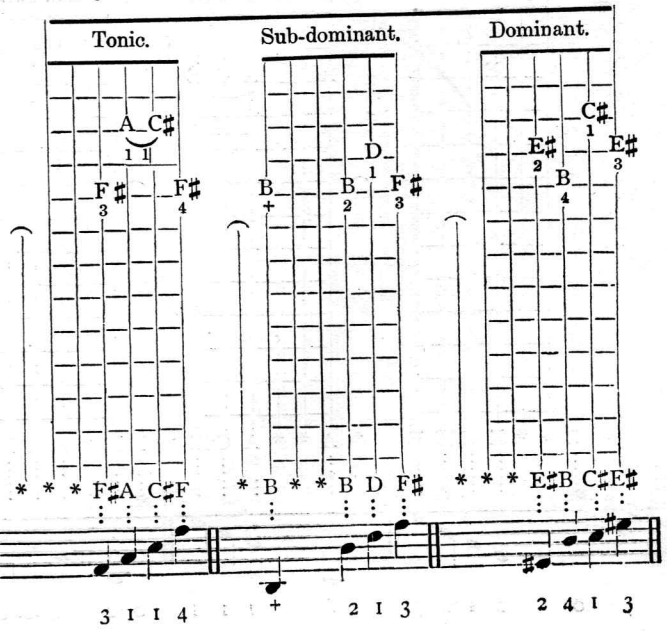
6th,7th,6th.



Chords in A Major

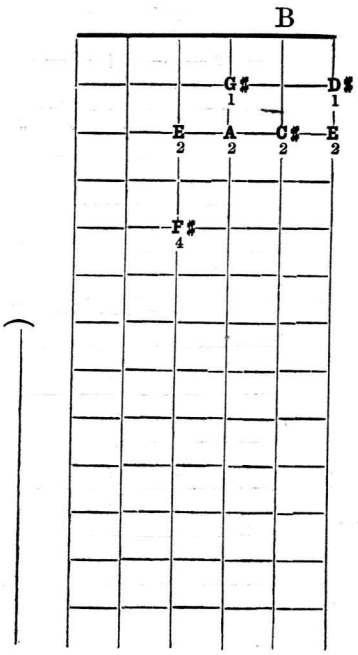


Chords in F♯ Minor.



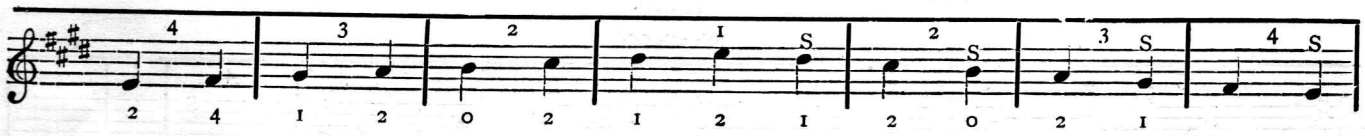
Key of E Major, Four Sharps.

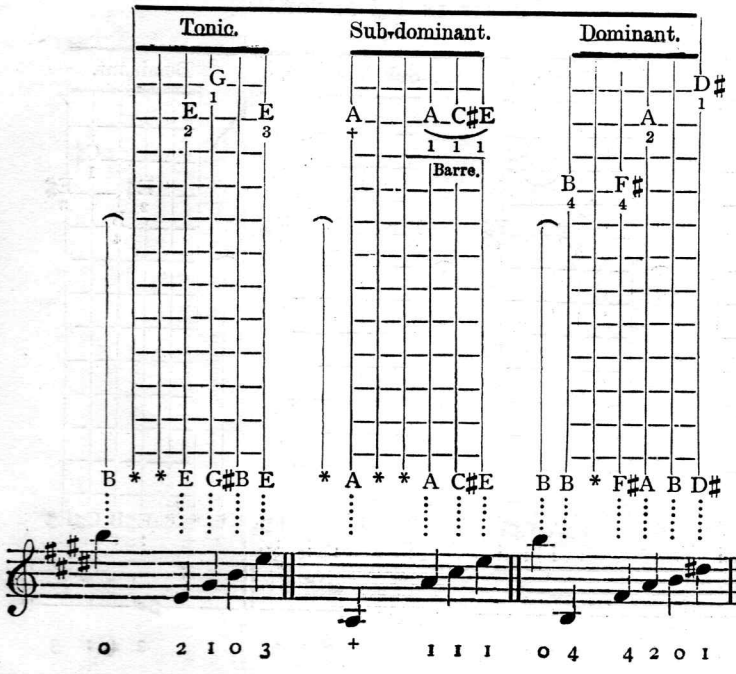
In this key the thumb string may be tuned up to B an octave above the second string, so as to be played with the first and third chords.



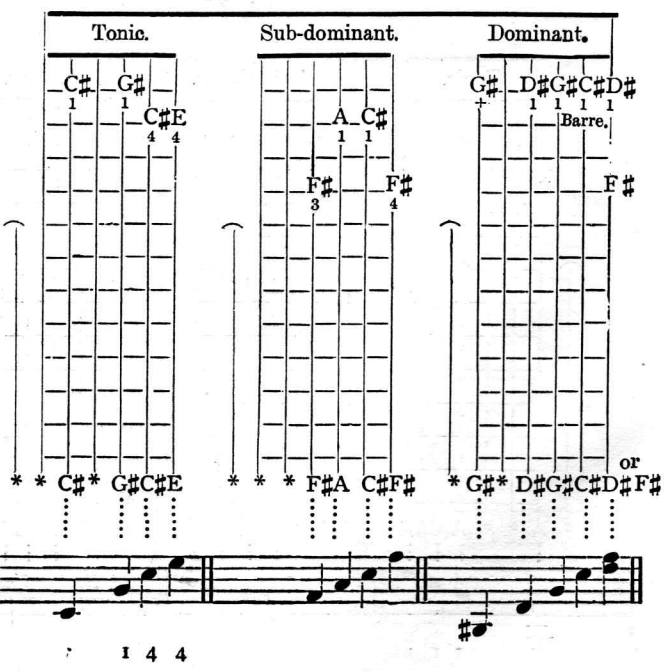
In this scale of E the only open string played is B, the second string.

In the first chord of C♯ minor lay the first finger across the first five strings at the first fret, and the fourth finger on the first and second at the third fret.

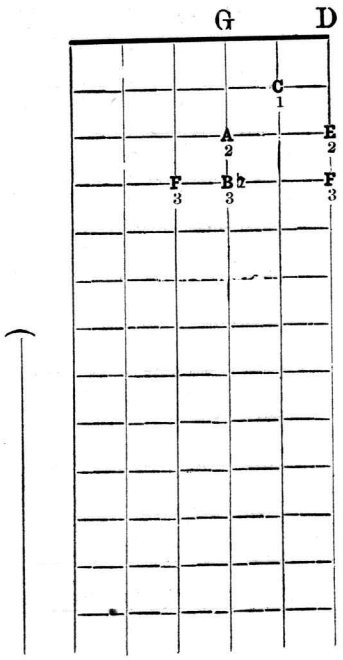
In the third chord of C♯ minor the D♯ may be played instead of the F♯, but the latter completes the harmony, and if possible had better be made.

Chords in E Major.



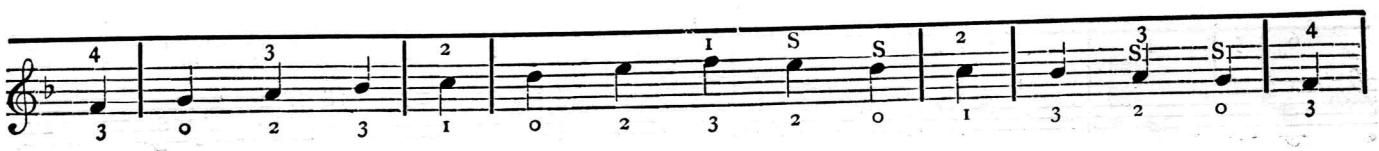
Chords in C♯ Minor.

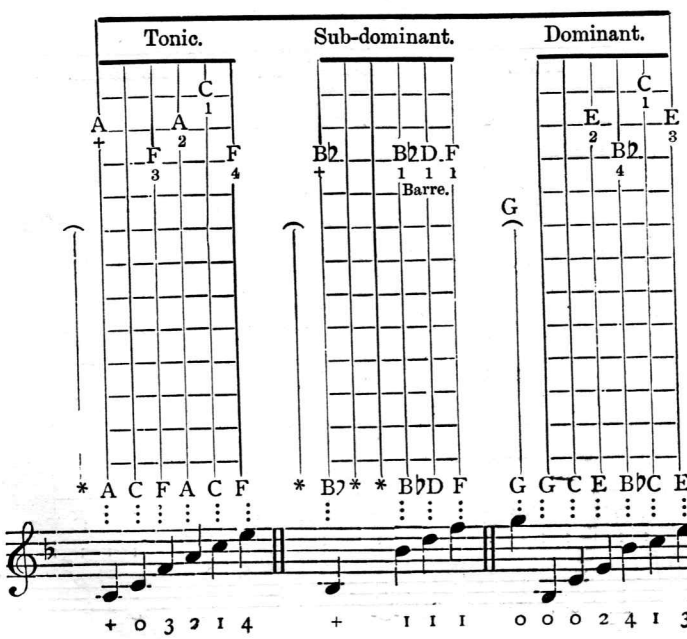


Key of F Major, One Flat.

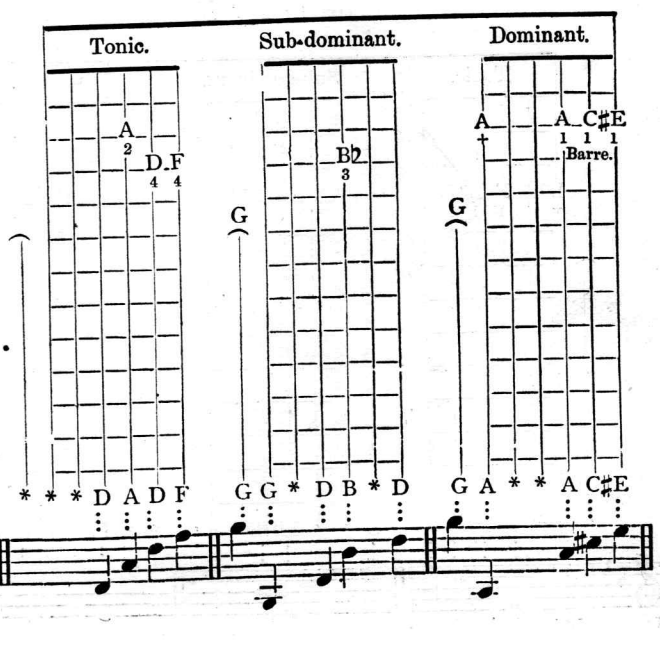


In the third diagram the E on the fourth string may be omitted if found too difficult to make; the chord will be complete without it.

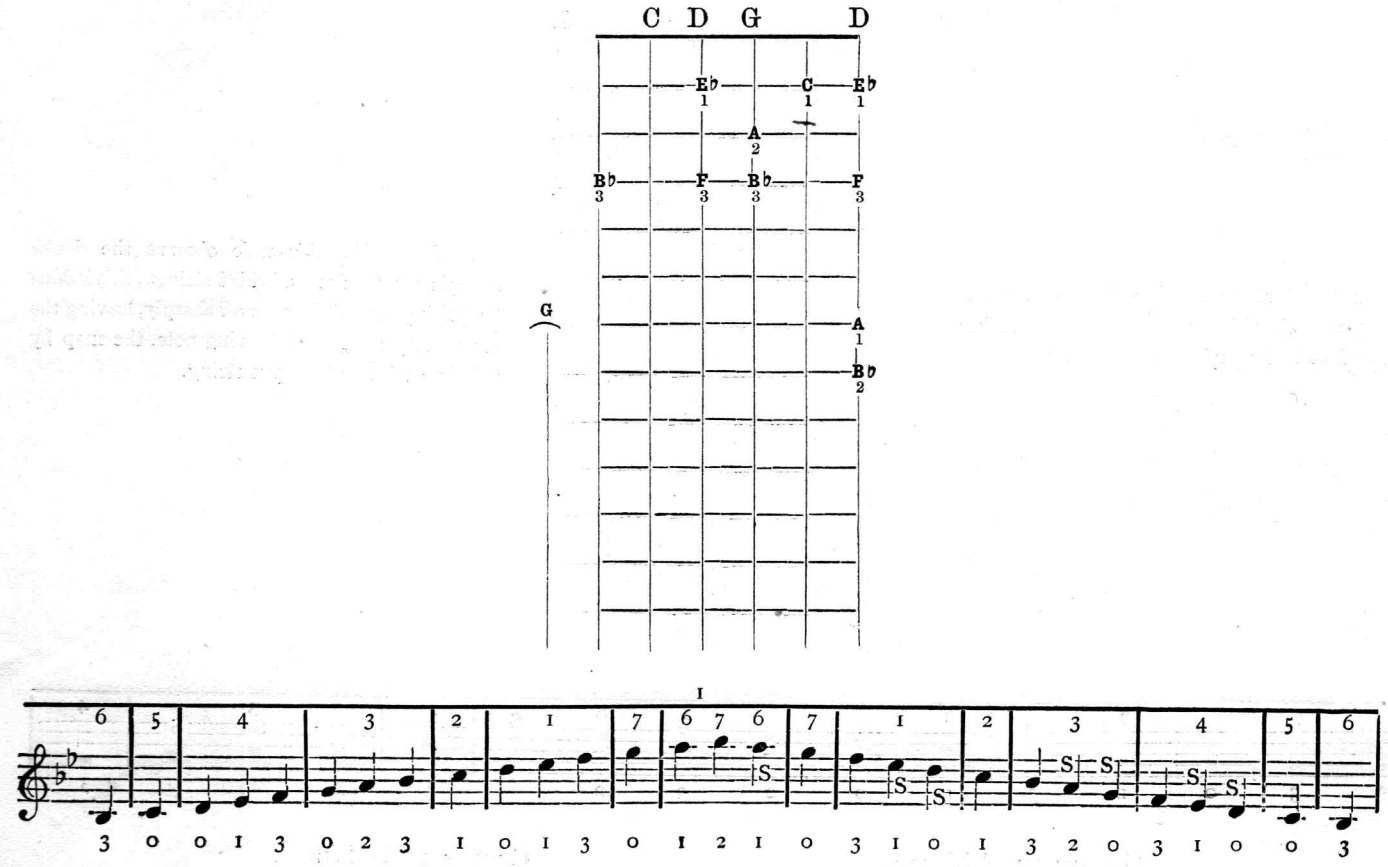
In descending this scale observe the *double* snapping on the first and third strings; this is done by pulling the third finger off sharply, leaving the second finger on the following note, the snap by this finger leaves the open string.

Chords in F Major.



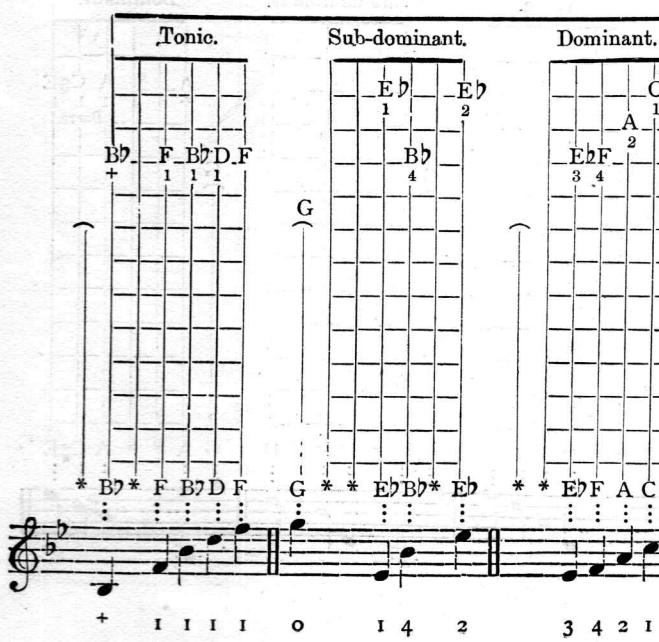
Chords in D Minor.



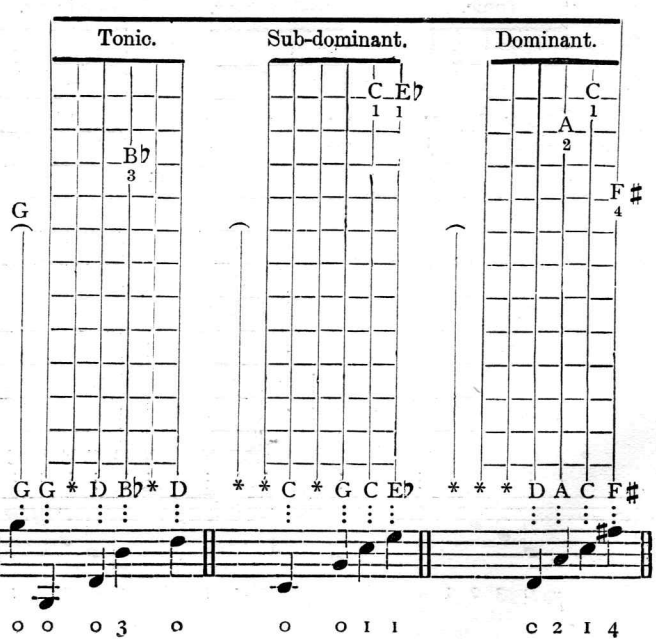
Key of B Flat, Two Flats.



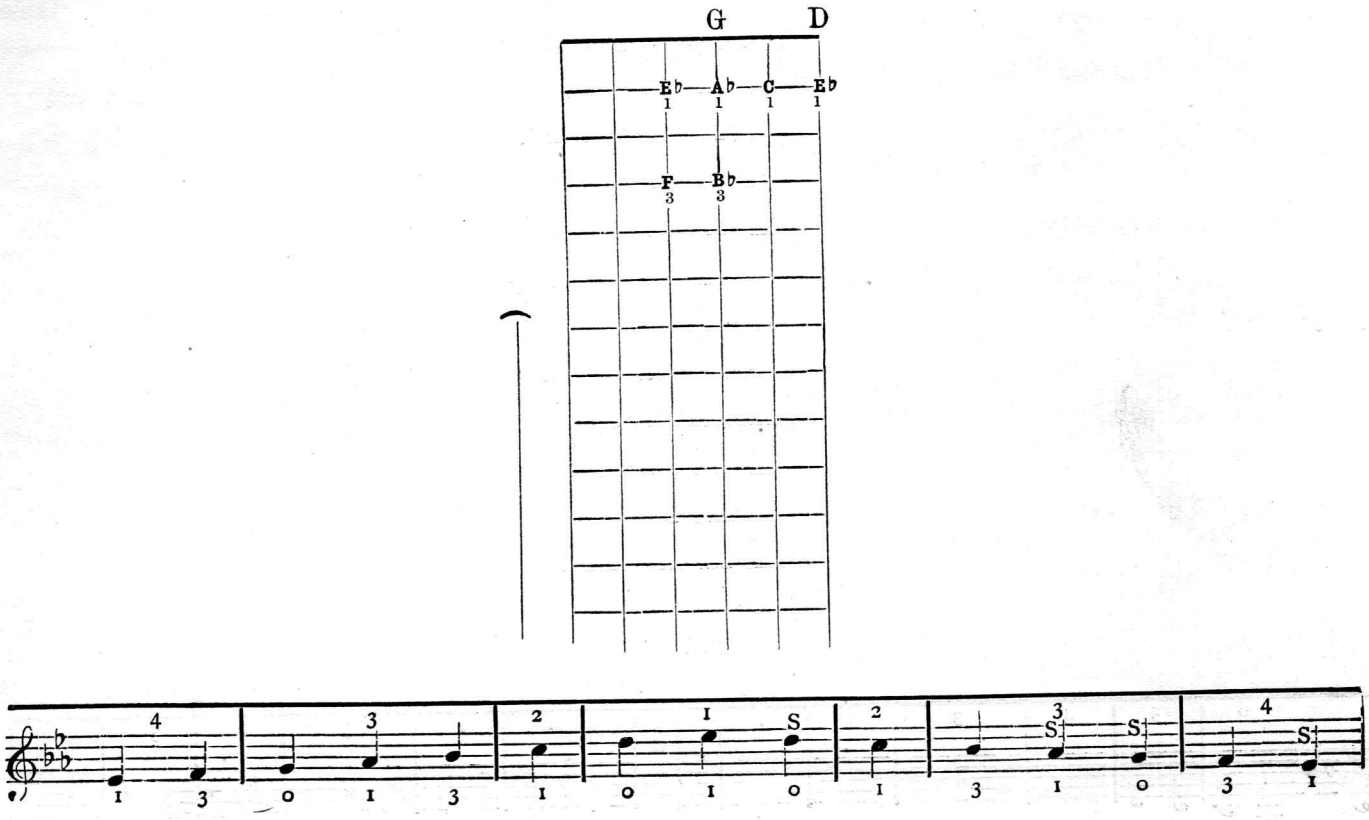
Chords in B♭ Major.



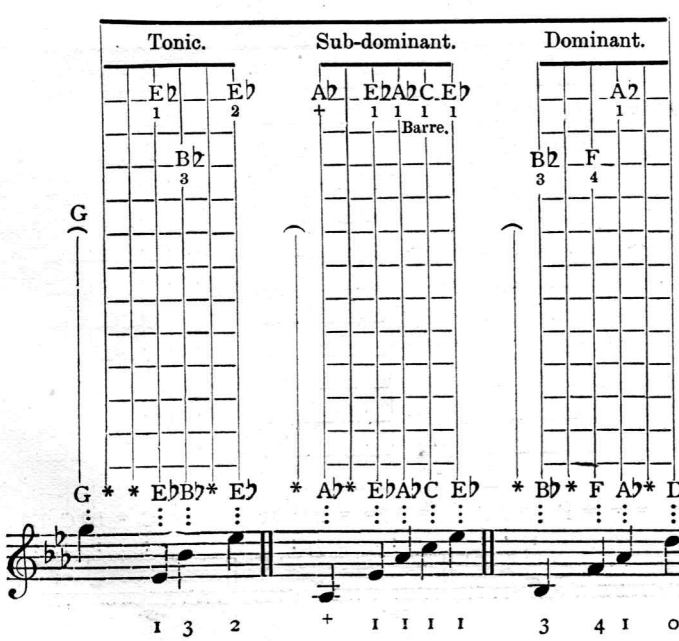
Chords in G Minor.



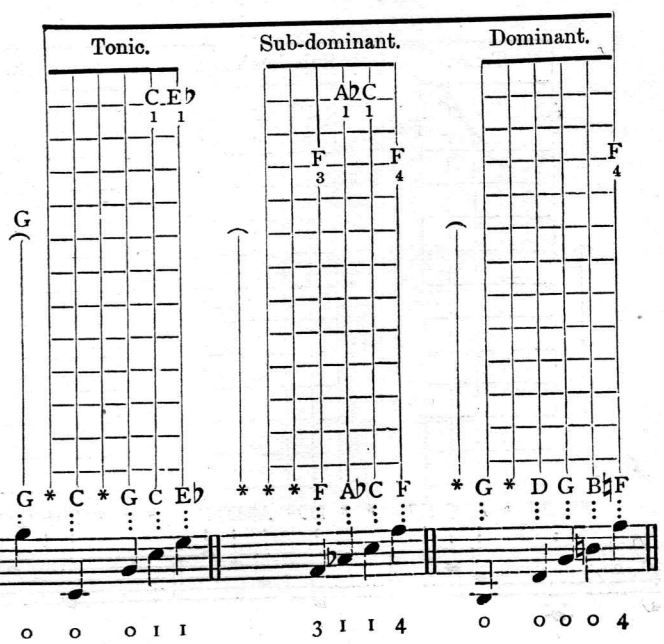
Key of E♭, Three Flats.



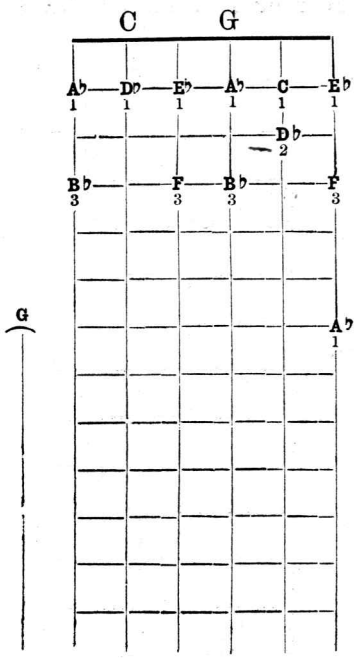
Chords in E♭ Major.



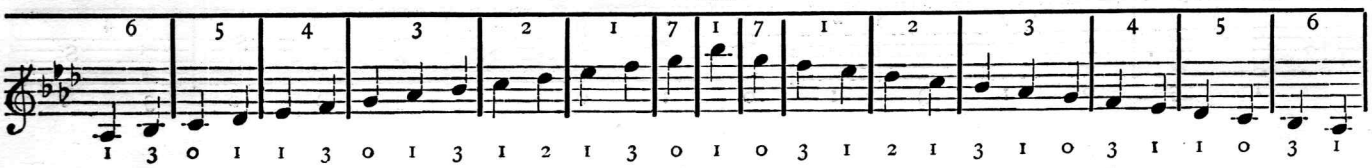
Chords in C Minor.

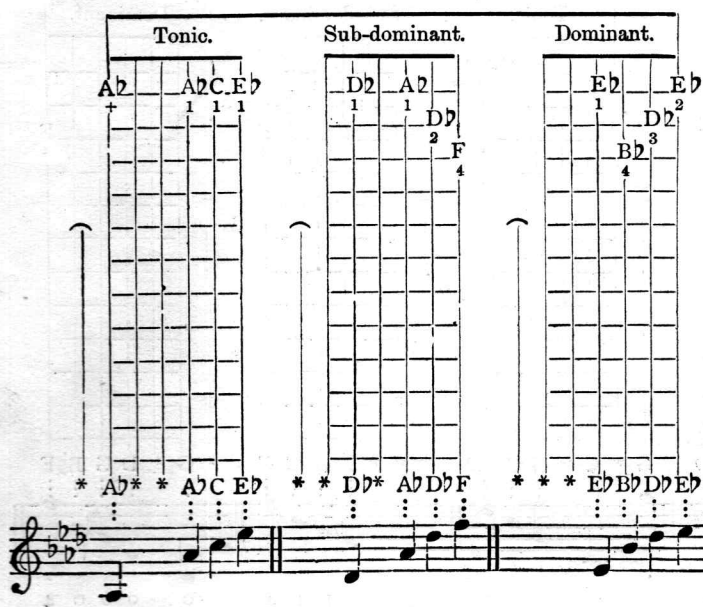


Key of A♭ Major, Four Flats.

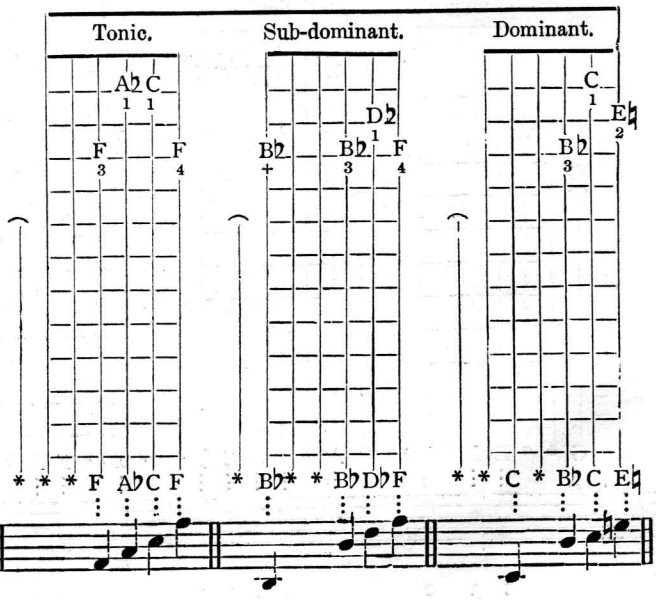


FRETS.

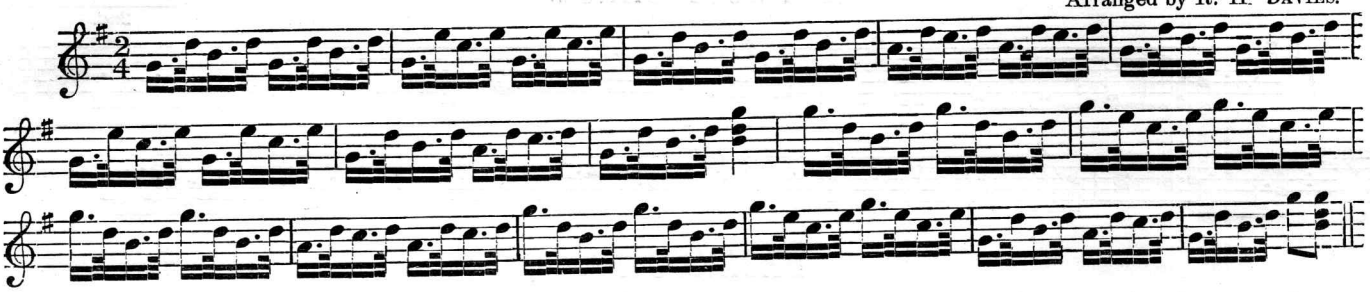
6th.

Chords in A♭ Major.

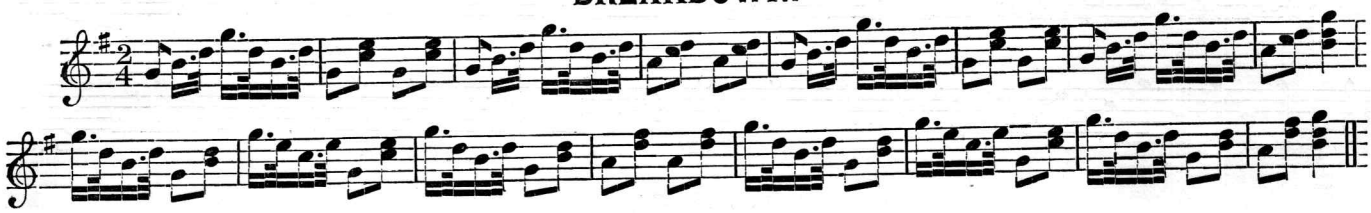


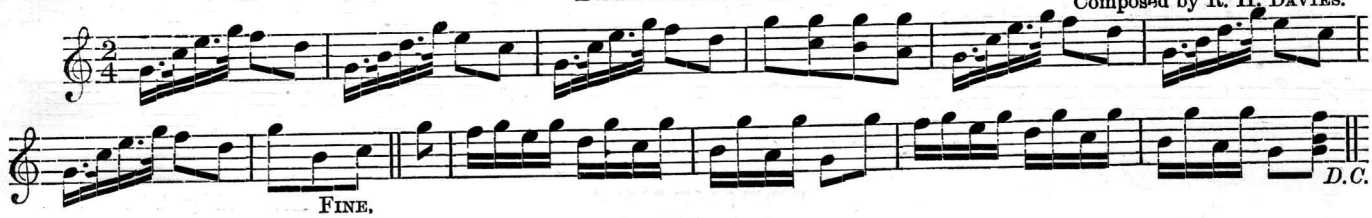
Chords in F Minor.

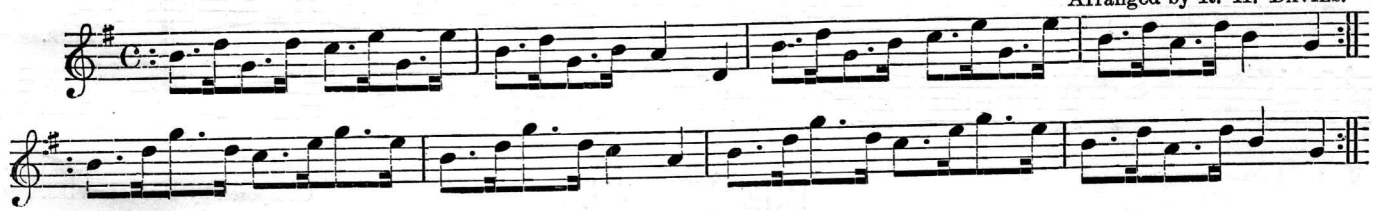


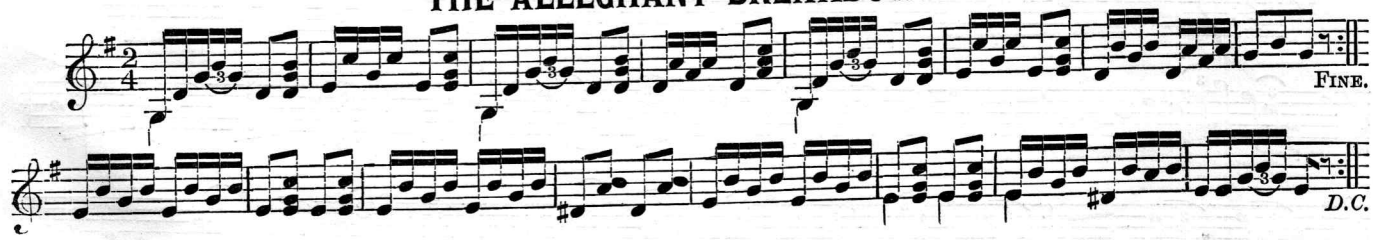
BREAKDOWN.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BREAKDOWN.

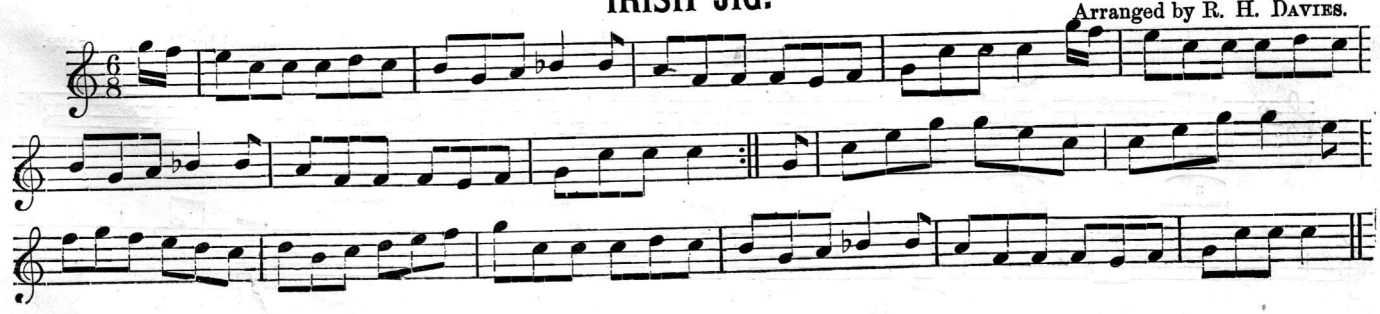
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BREAKDOWN.

Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

REEL.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

THE ALLEGHANY BREAKDOWN.

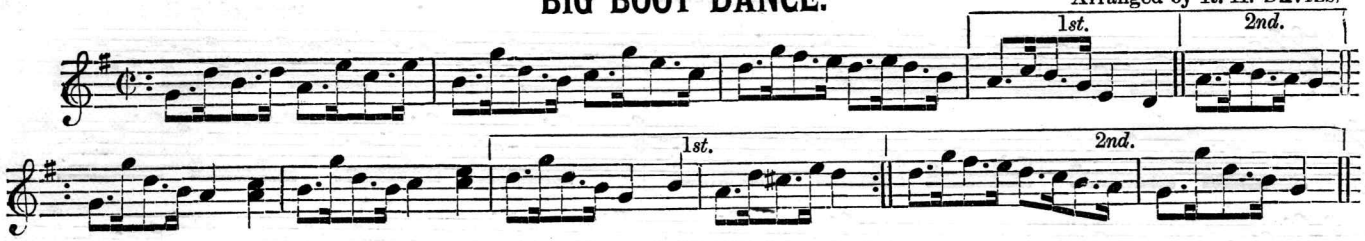
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

IRISH JIG.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

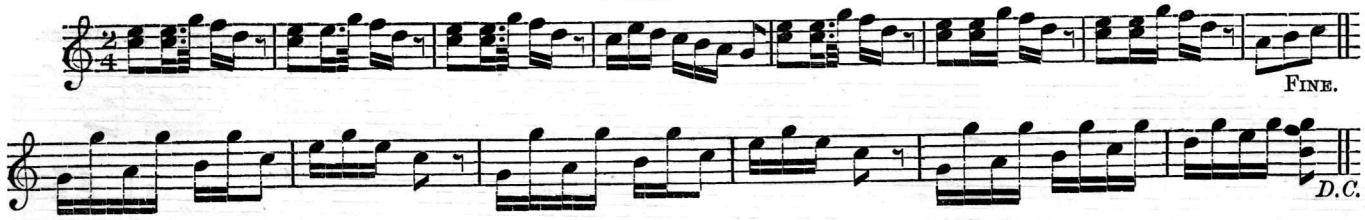


BIG BOOT DANCE.

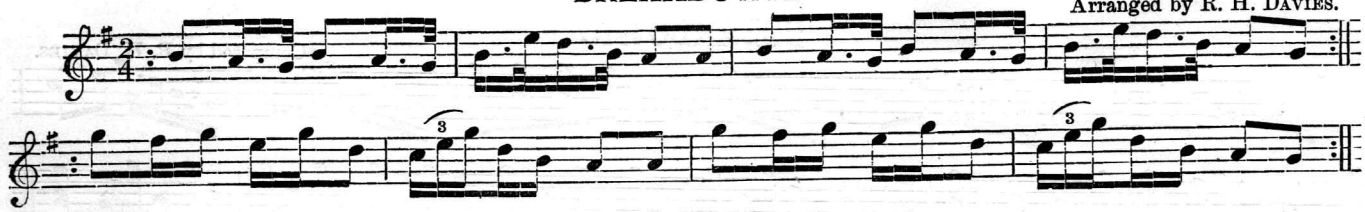
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.



BREAKDOWN.

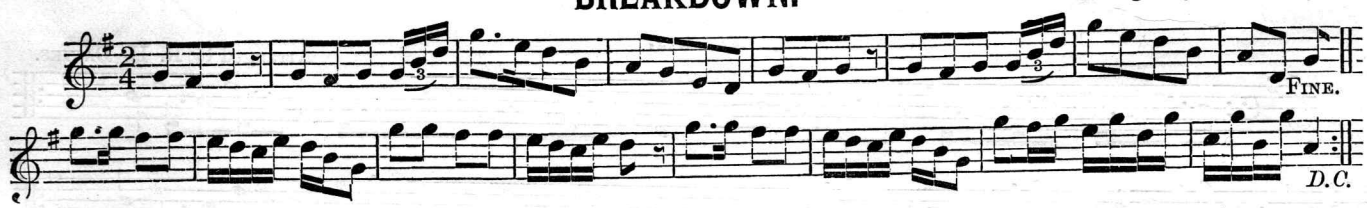
Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

BREAKDOWN.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

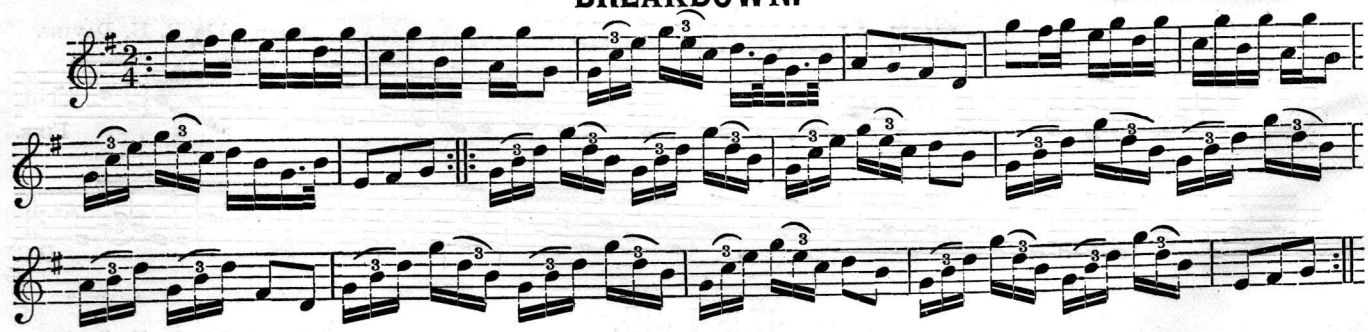


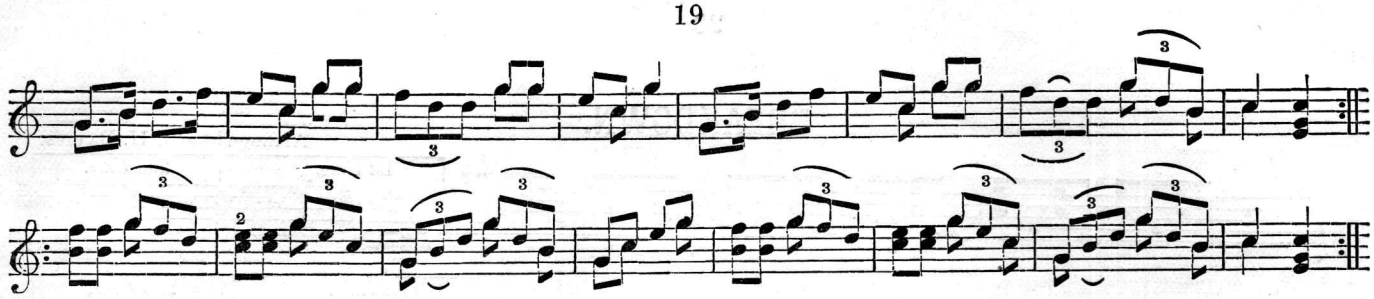
BREAKDOWN.

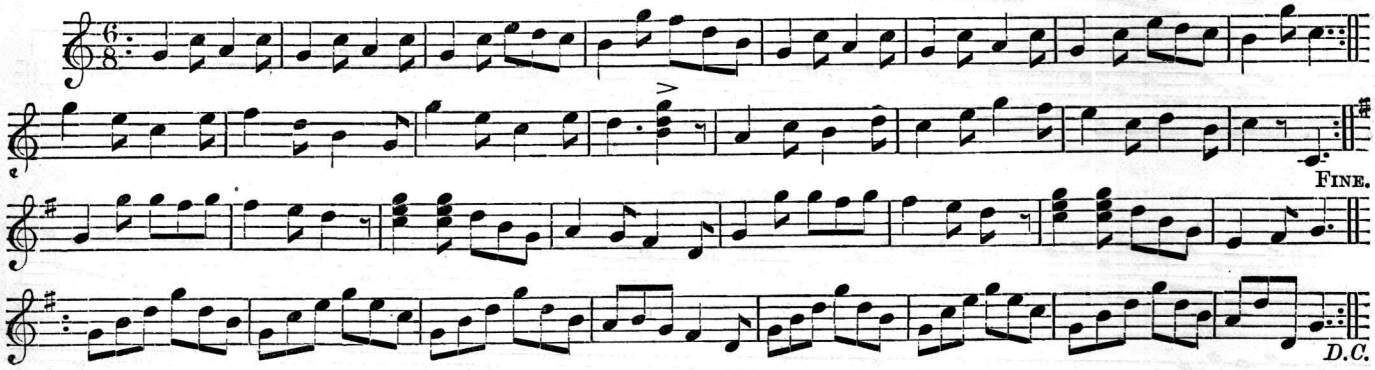
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

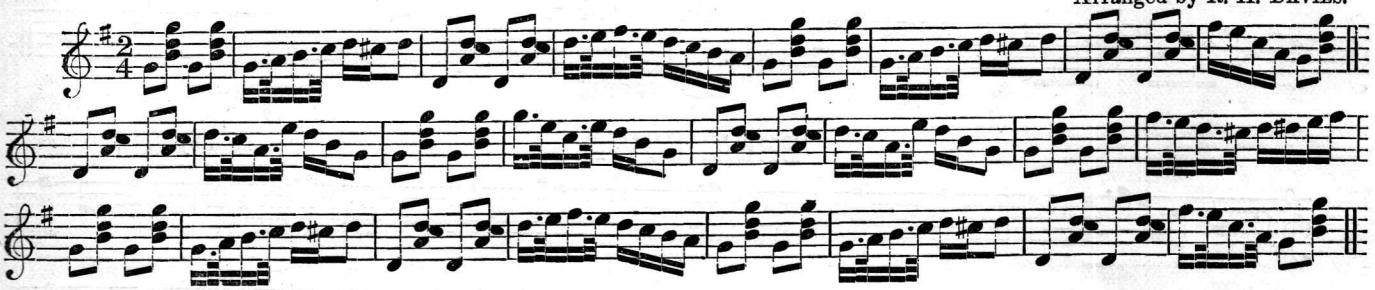


BREAKDOWN.

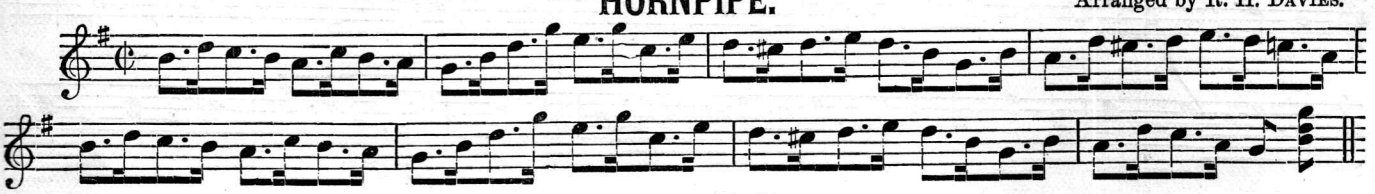
Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

COUNTRY DANCE (Original).

Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

BROADWAY JIG.

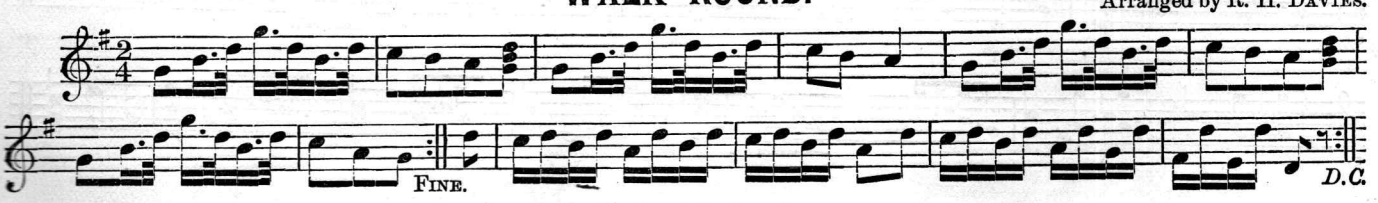
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

HORNPIPE.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

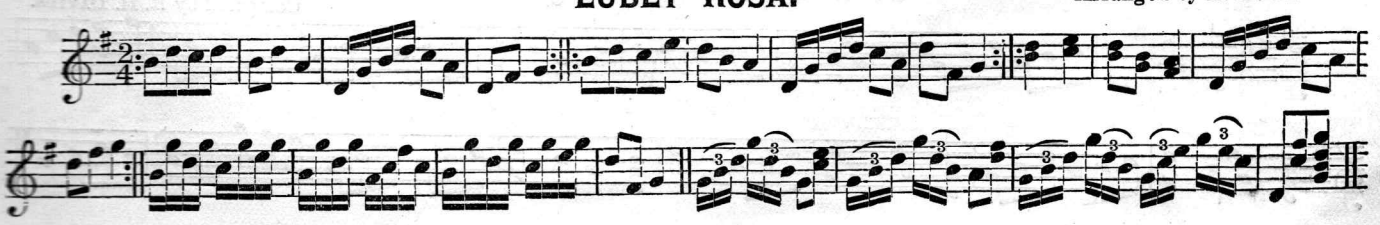


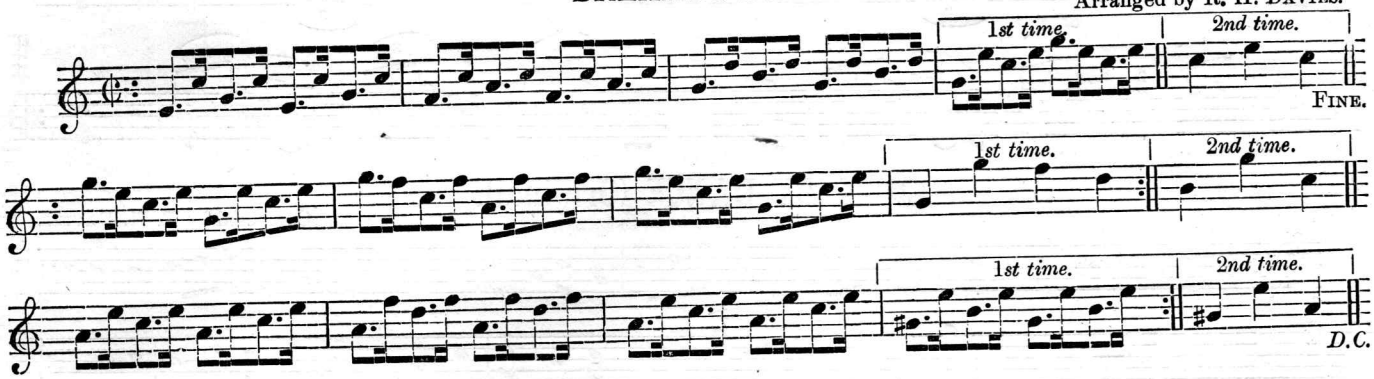
WALK ROUND.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

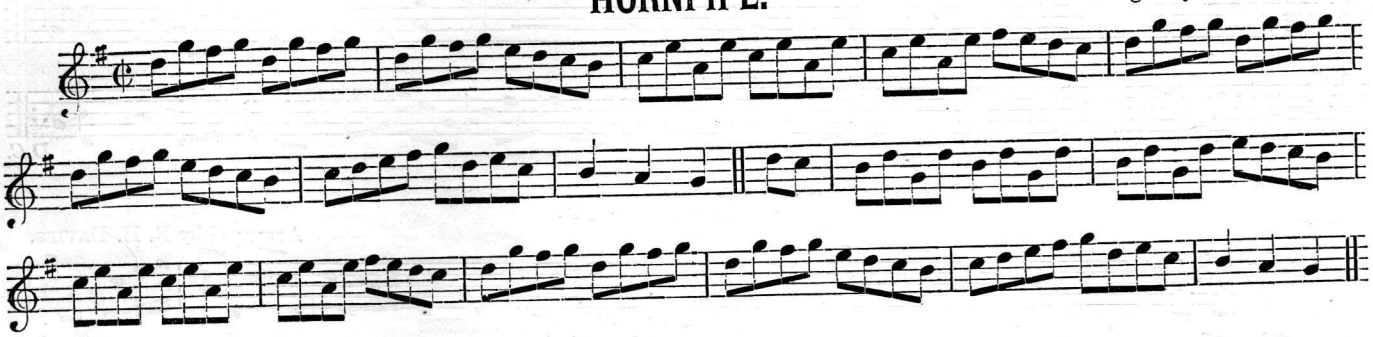


LUBLY ROSA.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BREAKDOWN.

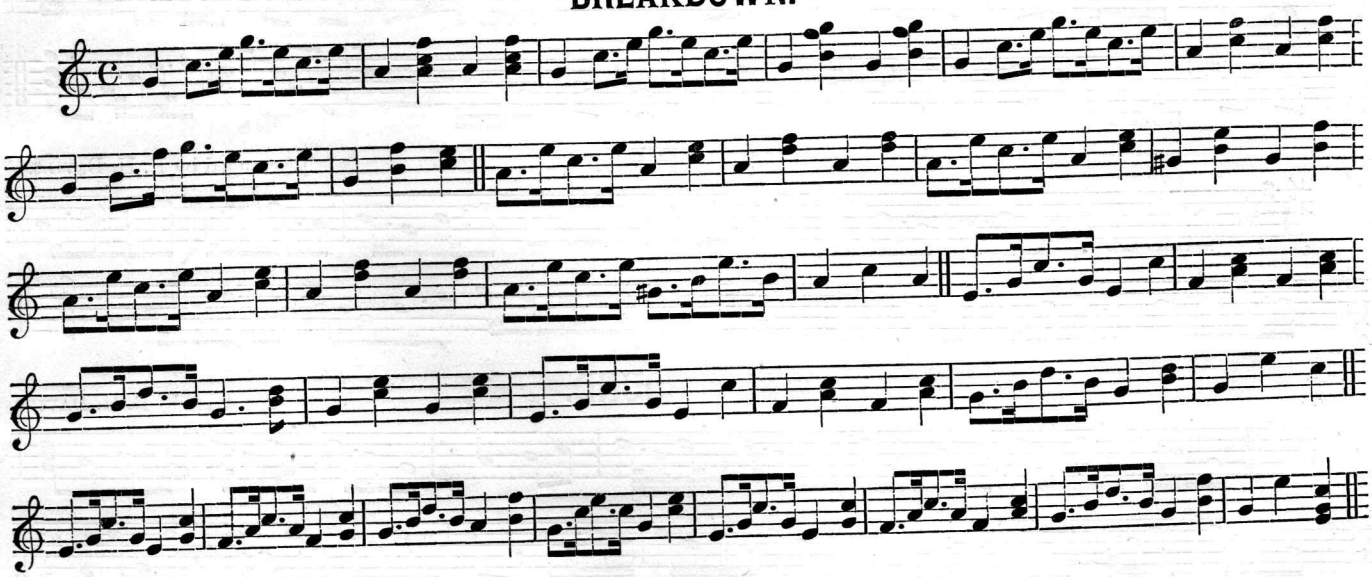
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

HORNPIPE.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

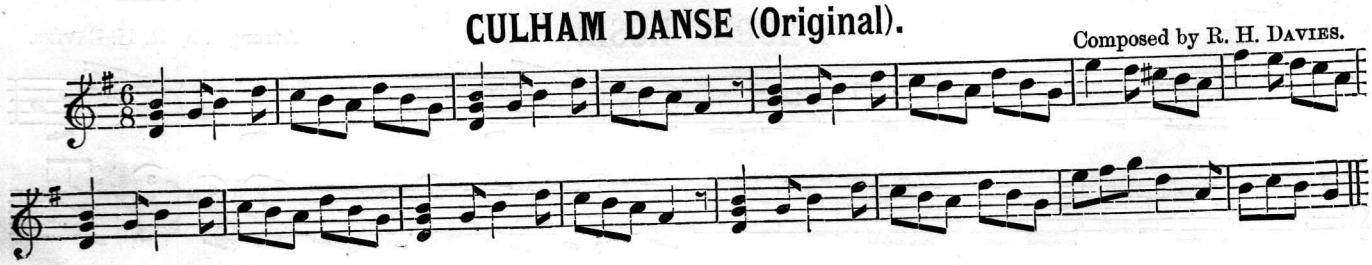
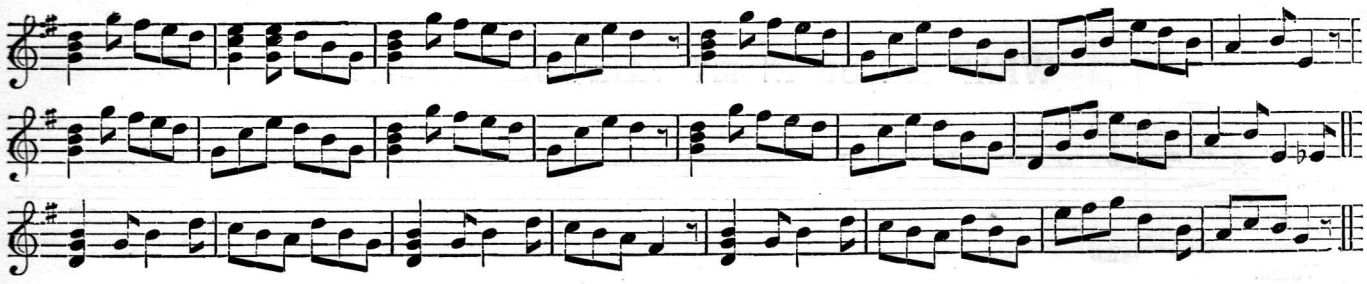


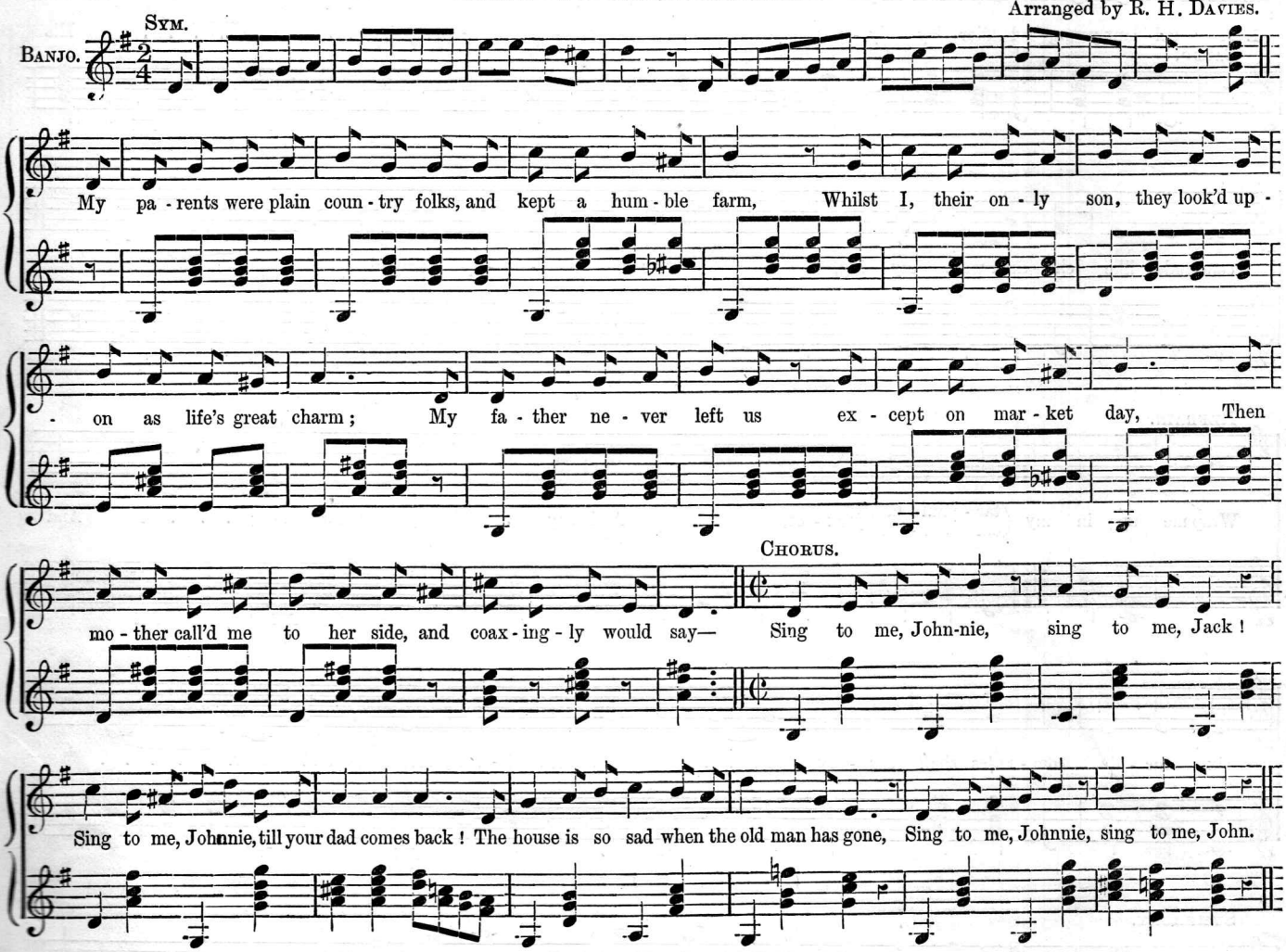
BREAKDOWN.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.



CULHAM DANSE (Original).

Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

SING TO ME, JOHNNIE.

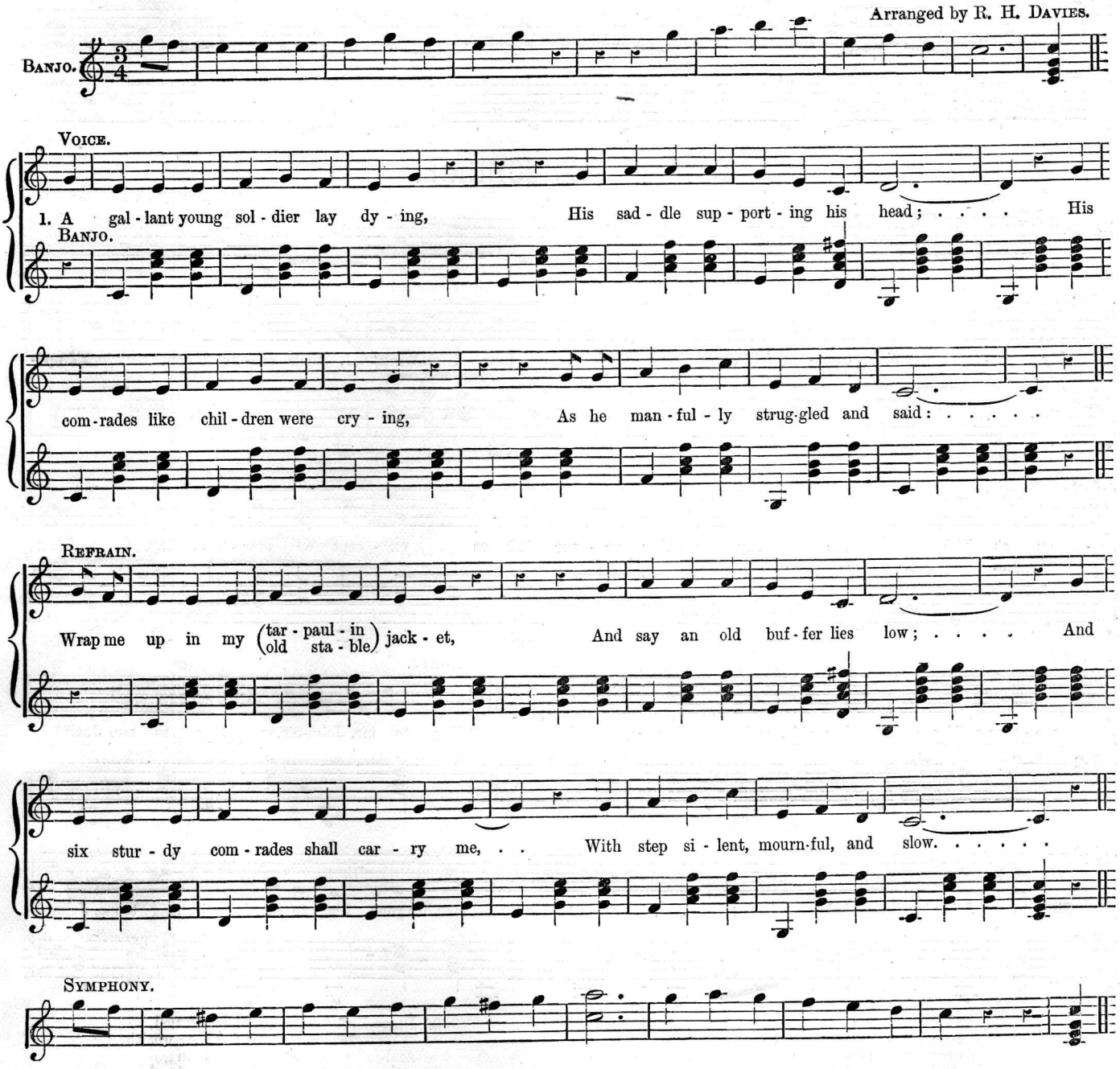
Arranged by R. H. Davies.

Sym.
Banjo.
My pa - rents were plain coun - try folks, and kept a hum - ble farm, Whilst I, their on - ly son, they look'd up -
- on as life's great charm; My fa - ther ne - ver left us ex - cept on mar - ket day, Then
Chorus.
mo - ther call'd me to her side, and coax - ing - ly would say— Sing to me, John-nie, sing to me, Jack!
Sing to me, Johnnie, till your dad comes back! The house is so sad when the old man has gone, Sing to me, Johnnie, sing to me, John.

2. As I grew up our trade grew bad,
And I was forced to roam,
To try my luck on foreign shores
And leave the dear old home;
How often in my lonely hut,
When nights were dark and drear,
I've fancied I've heard my mother's words,
Come whispering on my ear.
Sing to me, Johnnie, &c.

3. Dame Fortune smiled, so I returned,
Well stocked with hard earned wealth,
And found our dear old people in
Sweet happiness and health;
The neighbours all did welcome me,
But when they'd gone away,
Mother stole her arms around my neck,
And lovingly did say—
Sing to me, Johnnie, &c.

4. But cruel Death came o'er the scene,
One dreary Christmastide;
My father felt his icy grasp,
Then, poor old soul, he died.
We ne'er shall soothe my mother's grief,
Till she in heaven doth rest,
She won't believe our old man dead,
But sobs whilst on my breast—
Sing to me, Johnnie, &c.

WRAP ME UP IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BANJO.
VOICE.
1. A gal - lant young sol - dier lay dy - ing, His sad - dle sup - port - ing his head; . . . . His
BANJO.
com - rades like chil - dren were cry - ing, As he man - ful - ly strug - gled and said: . . . . .
REFRAIN.
Wrap me up in my (tar - paul - in / old sta - ble) jack - et, And say an old buf - fer lies low; . . . . And
six stur - dy com - rades shall car - ry me, . . With step si - lent, mourn - ful, and slow. . . . . .
SYMPHONY.

2. Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.
Wrap me up, &c.

3. Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
Here lies a poor buffer below.
Wrap me up, &c.

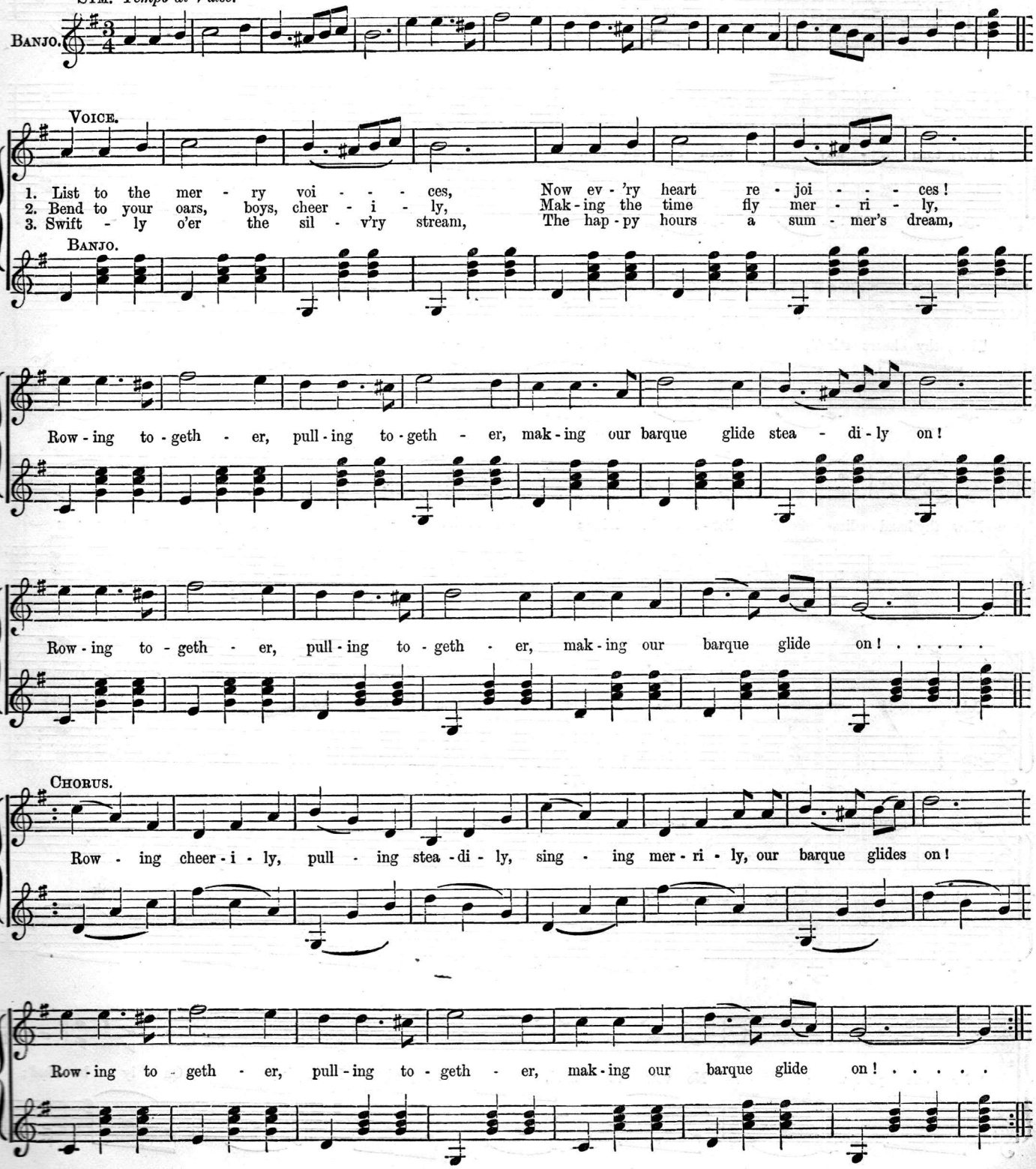
4. And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.
Wrap me up, &c.

5. And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Wrap me up, &c.

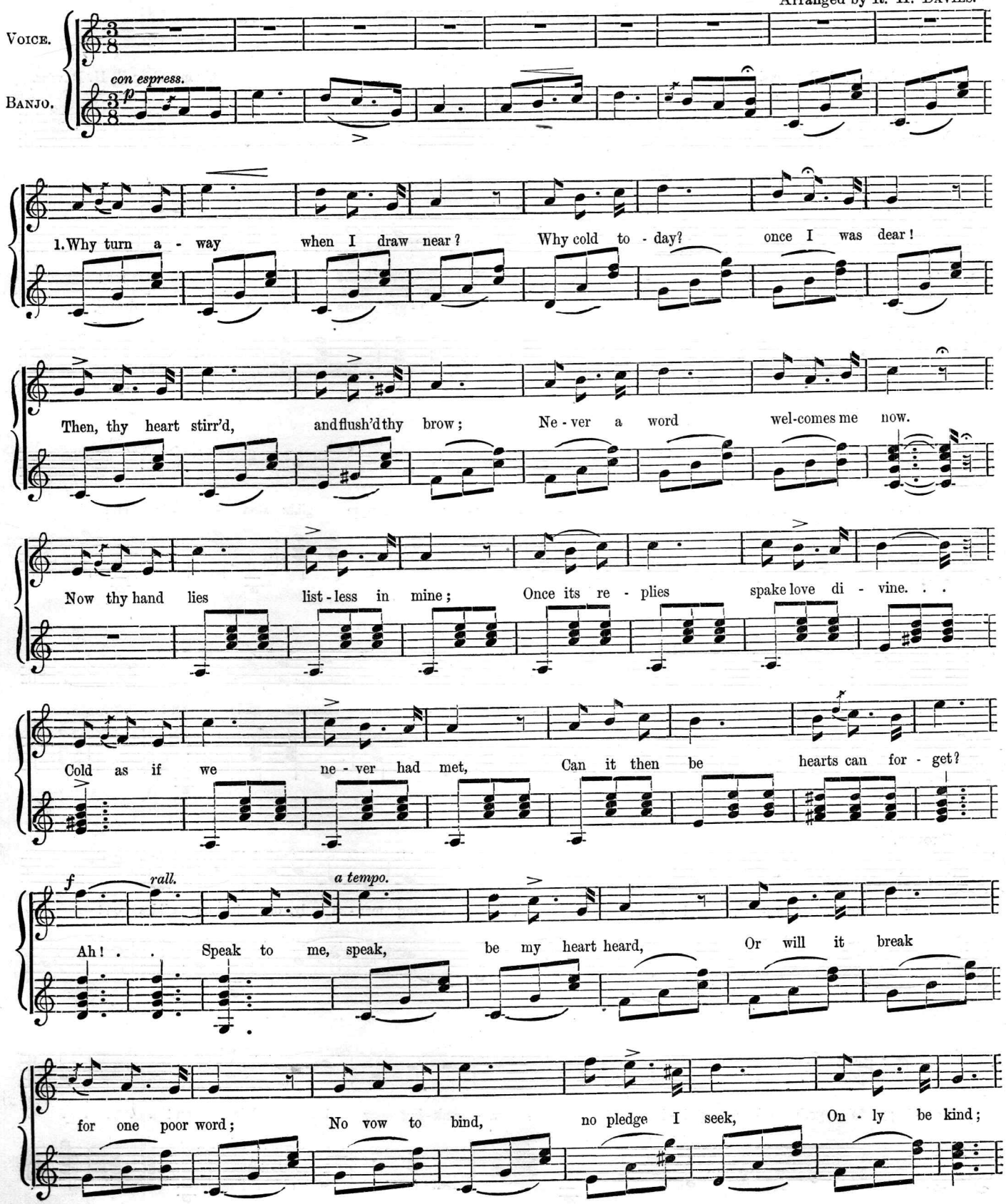
ROWING TOGETHER.

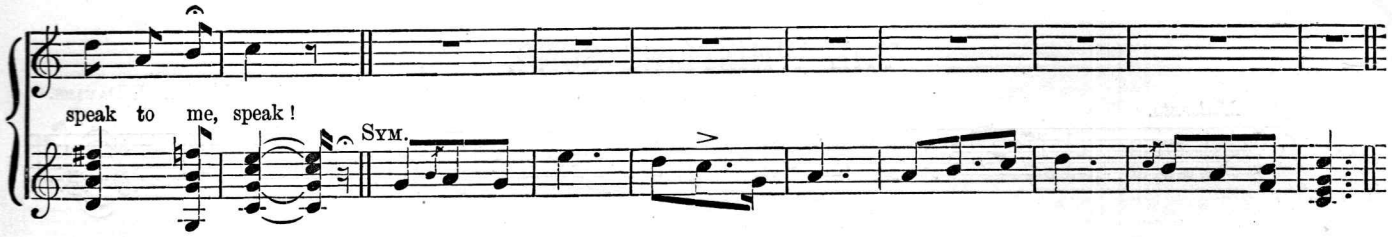
(BOATING SONG.)

Words by T. T. ROBERTS.
SYM. *Tempo di Valse.*

Composed by R. H. DAVIES.

BANJO.
VOICE.
1. List to the mer - ry voi - - - - ces, Now ev - 'ry heart re - joi - - - - ces!
2. Bend to your oars, boys, cheer - i - ly, Mak - ing the time fly mer - ri - ly,
3. Swift - ly o'er the sil - v'ry stream, The hap - py hours a sum - mer's dream,
BANJO.
Row - ing to - geth - er, pull - ing to - geth - er, mak - ing our barque glide stea - di - ly on!
Row - ing to - geth - er, pull - ing to - geth - er, mak - ing our barque glide on! . . . . .
CHORUS.
Row - ing cheer - i - ly, pull - ing stea - di - ly, sing - ing mer - ri - ly, our barque glides on!
Row - ing to - geth - er, pull - ing to - geth - er, mak - ing our barque glide on! . . . . .

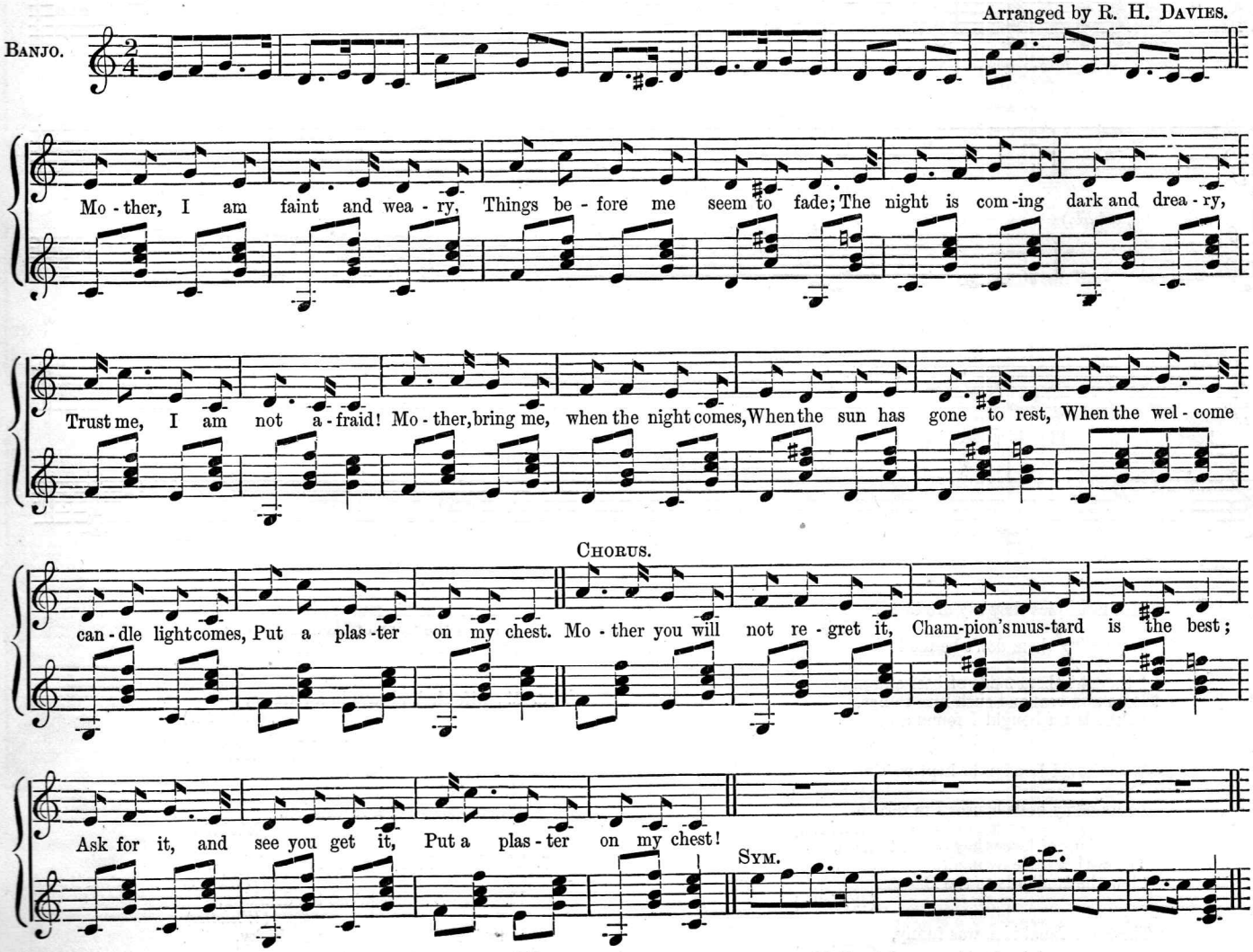
SPEAK TO ME.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

VOICE.
BANJO.
con espress.
p
1. Why turn a - way when I draw near? Why cold to - day? once I was dear!
Then, thy heart stirr'd, and flush'd thy brow; Ne - ver a word wel-comes me now.
Now thy hand lies list - less in mine; Once its re - plies spake love di - vine. . .
Cold as if we ne - ver had met, Can it then be hearts can for - get?
f
rall.
a tempo.
Ah! . . Speak to me, speak, be my heart heard, Or will it break
for one poor word; No vow to bind, no pledge I seek, On - ly be kind;



2. One idle day thou didst deplore
Some castaway on desert shore;
'Twas but a tale by poet feigned,
Yet thou didst pale, silent and pained,
And thou didst moan; sad, sad to be
Utterly lone by the bleak sea!
My life is drear, I castaway,
Give me the tear thou shedd'st that day!
Ah! speak to me, &c.

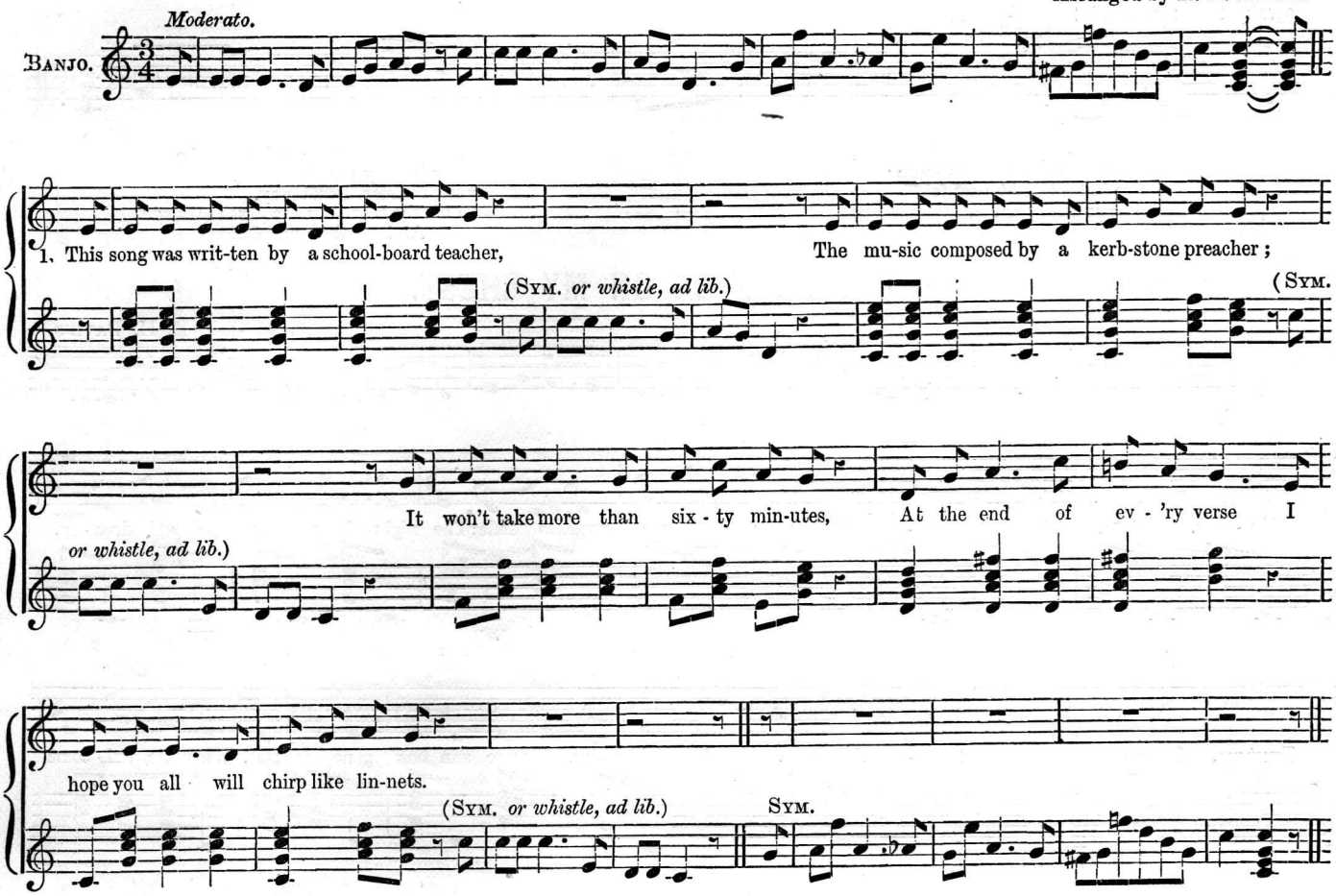
PUT A PLASTER ON MY CHEST.

Arranged by R. H. Davies.

Banjo.
Mo-ther, I am faint and wea-ry, Things be-fore me seem to fade; The night is com-ing dark and drea-ry,
Trust me, I am not a-fraid! Mo-ther, bring me, when the night comes, When the sun has gone to rest, When the wel-come
Chorus.
can-dle light comes, Put a plas-ter on my chest. Mo-ther you will not re-gret it, Cham-pion's mus-tard is the best;
Ask for it, and see you get it, Put a plas-ter on my chest!
Sym.

2. Mother! let me hear you utter
Words of comfort, peace, and joy;
Don't you think that rum and butter
Would improve your wayward boy?
Onions in my right and left ear
Might conduce to peace and rest;
And if you've any mustard left, dear,
Put a plaster on my chest!
Mother, you will not regret it,
Champion's mustard is the best;
Ask for it, and see you get it,
Put a plaster on my chest!

3. Mother! how my heart rejoices
When the hour for sleep has come,
When I hear the Angels' voices
Softly whispering "Where's the Rum?"
Loving hands will smooth my cot,
And air my little flannel vest,
And make the water nice and hot,
And put a plaster on my chest!
Mother, get it if you're able,
Sold in tins you'll find the best;
See the trade-mark on the label,
Put a plaster on my chest!

THE WHISTLING SONG.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

Moderato.
BANJO.
1. This song was writ-ten by a school-board teacher,
The mu-sic composed by a kerb-stone preacher;
(SYM. or whistle, ad lib.)
(SYM.
It won't take more than six - ty min-utes,
At the end of ev - 'ry verse I
or whistle, ad lib.)
hope you all will chirp like lin-nets.
(SYM. or whistle, ad lib.)
SYM.

2. Hot meat pies they say are tasty,
(*Whistle.*)
In judging them don't be too hasty,
(*Whistle.*)
I thought them made of beef and mutton,
Ham and veal and such nice things,
In the last I bought I found a button.
(*Whistle.*)

3. Why should London be kept waiting?
(*Whistle.*)
To its badly built houses I'm relating,
(*Whistle.*)
Those dens of fever they ought to level,
And with a little dynamite
Blow the landlords to the D——
(*Whistle.*)

4 The Suez Canal idea was funny,
(*Whistle.*)
There's no doubt France would like our money,
(*Whistle.*)
We'll not give it though she's a neighbour,
A Canal we'll make if one's required,
With English cash and English labour.
(*Whistle.*)

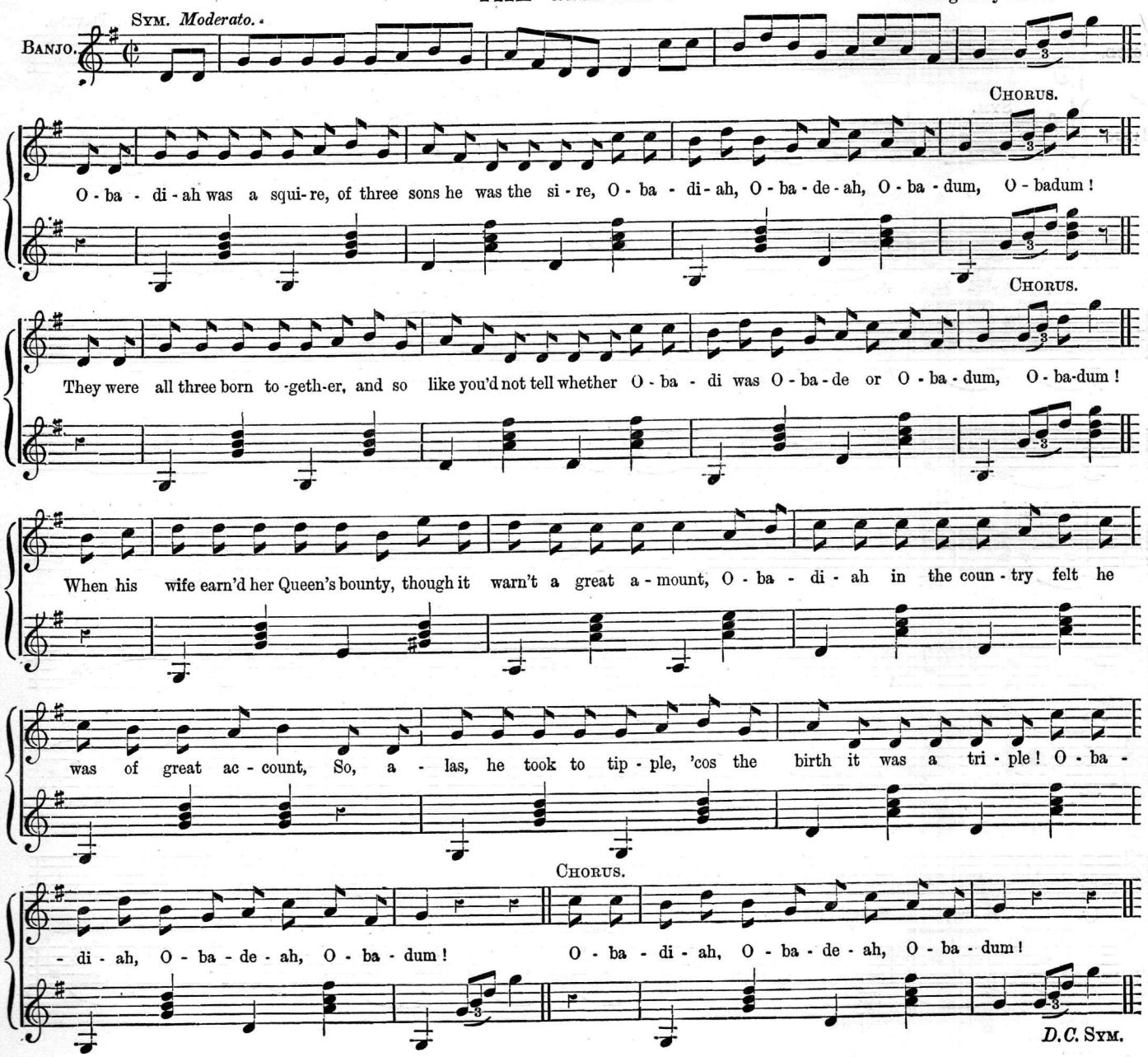
5. The Prince of Wales is over forty,
(*Whistle.*)
Some say he is a trifle naughty,
(*Whistle.*)
Still for that his fame increases,
He does the work of his dear Ma-ma,
I wonder if he gets the pieces.
(*Whistle.*)

6. My wife she's always in a muddle,
(*Whistle.*)
And she often goes out on the fuddle,
(*Whistle.*)
There soon must be an alteration,
Never do I get married again,
When once I get a separation.
(*Whistle.*)

7. The dean of Bangor has been thinking,
(*Whistle.*)
He now protests against tea drinking,
(*Whistle.*)
If tea's inclined to make you frisky,
Sir Wilfrid says give up the beer,
What shall we drink?—I'm on for whiskey.
(*Whistle.*)

8. We read of breach of promise cases,
(*Whistle.*)
Where men are made to pull long faces,
(*Whistle.*)
If the lady has nice looking features,
The Jury takes her part at once,
For Jurymen are such soft creatures.
(*Whistle.*)

THE TRIPLETS.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES

SYM. *Moderato.*
BANJO.
CHORUS.
O - ba - di - ah was a squi - re, of three sons he was the si - re, O - ba - di - ah, O - ba - de - ah, O - ba - dum, O - badum !
CHORUS.
They were all three born to - geth - er, and so like you'd not tell whether O - ba - di was O - ba - de or O - ba - dum, O - ba-dum !
When his wife earn'd her Queen's bounty, though it warn't a great a - mount, O - ba - di - ah in the coun - try felt he
was of great ac - count, So, a - las, he took to tip - ple, 'cos the birth it was a tri - ple ! O - ba -
CHORUS.
- di - ah, O - ba - de - ah, O - ba - dum ! O - ba - di - ah, O - ba - de - ah, O - ba - dum !
D.C. SYM.

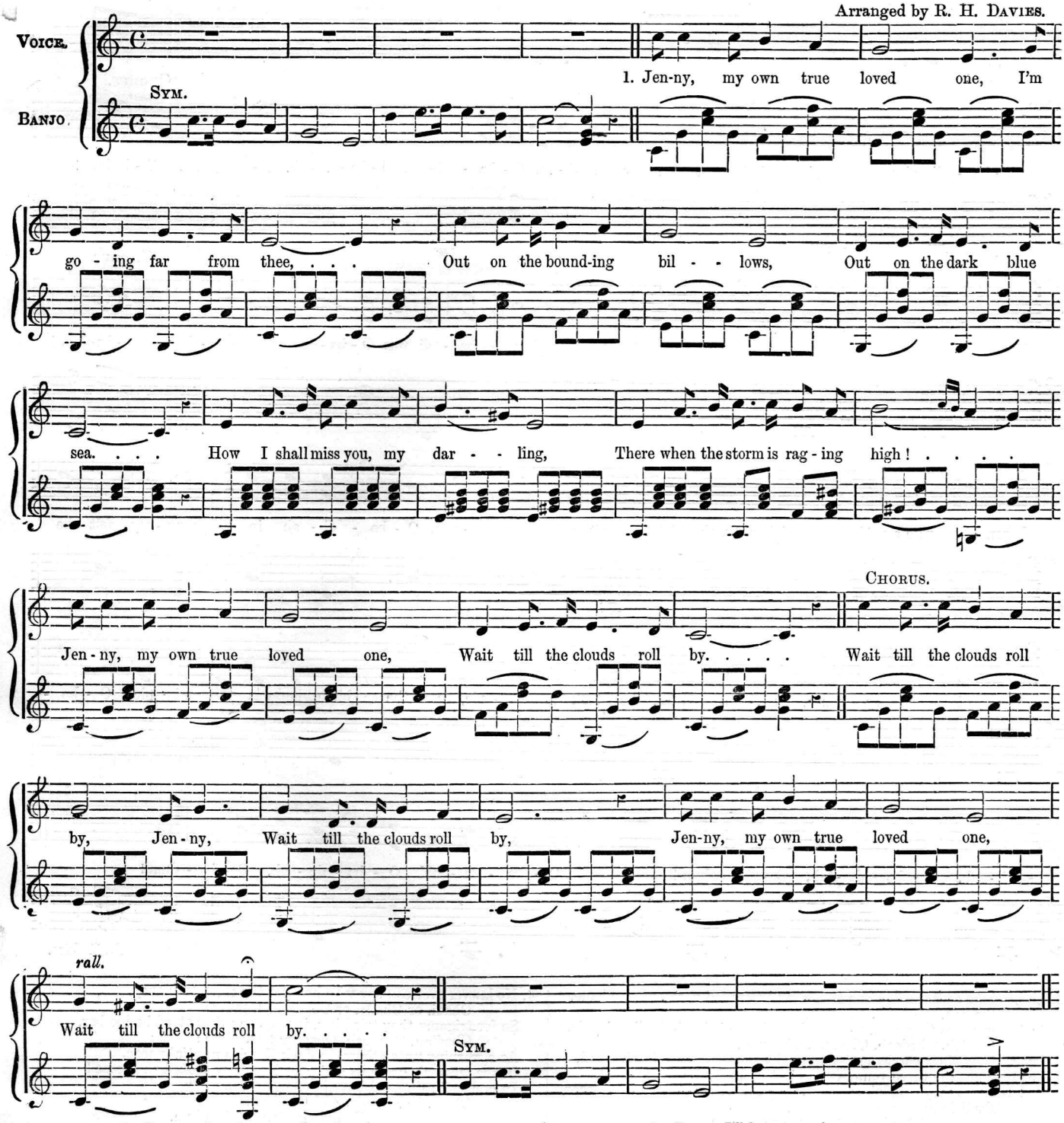
2. These three sons slept in one cradle, and were fed with one pap ladle,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum, Obadum !
And themselves they used to throttle with one infant's feeding bottle,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum, Obadum !
But one day their careless nusses found themselves completely fixed,
For they got the three young cusses in the washtub nicely mixed,
Oh ! the fact they couldn't smother, they could not tell one from t'other,
Obadi from Obade, or Obadum,
Obadi from Obade, or Obadum.

3. When one kid deserved a birching Obadiah whacked each urchin,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum, Obadum !
If one missed his Latin Grammar, why, all three he used to hammer,
Obadi, and Obade, and Obadum ! Obadum !
One picked out a girl called Nancy who was reckoned very rich,
She was puzzled, you can fancy, to tell t'other one from which ;
When she could no longer tarry all the three she had to marry,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum.
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum

4. No lawyer ever can say who had got the right to Nancy,
Obadi, or Obade, or Obadum, Obadum,
So for trigamy they tried her, in the dock they stood beside her,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum ! Obadum !
As a warning unto others, in Jack Ketch's nuptial noose,
Of the Obadiah Brothers and poor Nan they cooked the goose !
In one coffin they did bury in one very cemetery
Obadi, and Obade, and Obadum.
Obadi, and Obade, and Obadum.

5. When the Squire Obadiah with his tears had quenched the fire,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum, Obadum !
Oh, himself he quickly drownded by a cask of rum surrounded,
Obadiah, Obadeah, Obadum ! Obadum !
Then the widder Obadiah when she heard the dreadful news
In an Admiralty ironclad went for a Channel Cruise,
But it went down to the bottom and the lot grim Death has got 'em,
Obadi, and Obade, and Obadum.
Obadi, and Obade, and Obadum.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

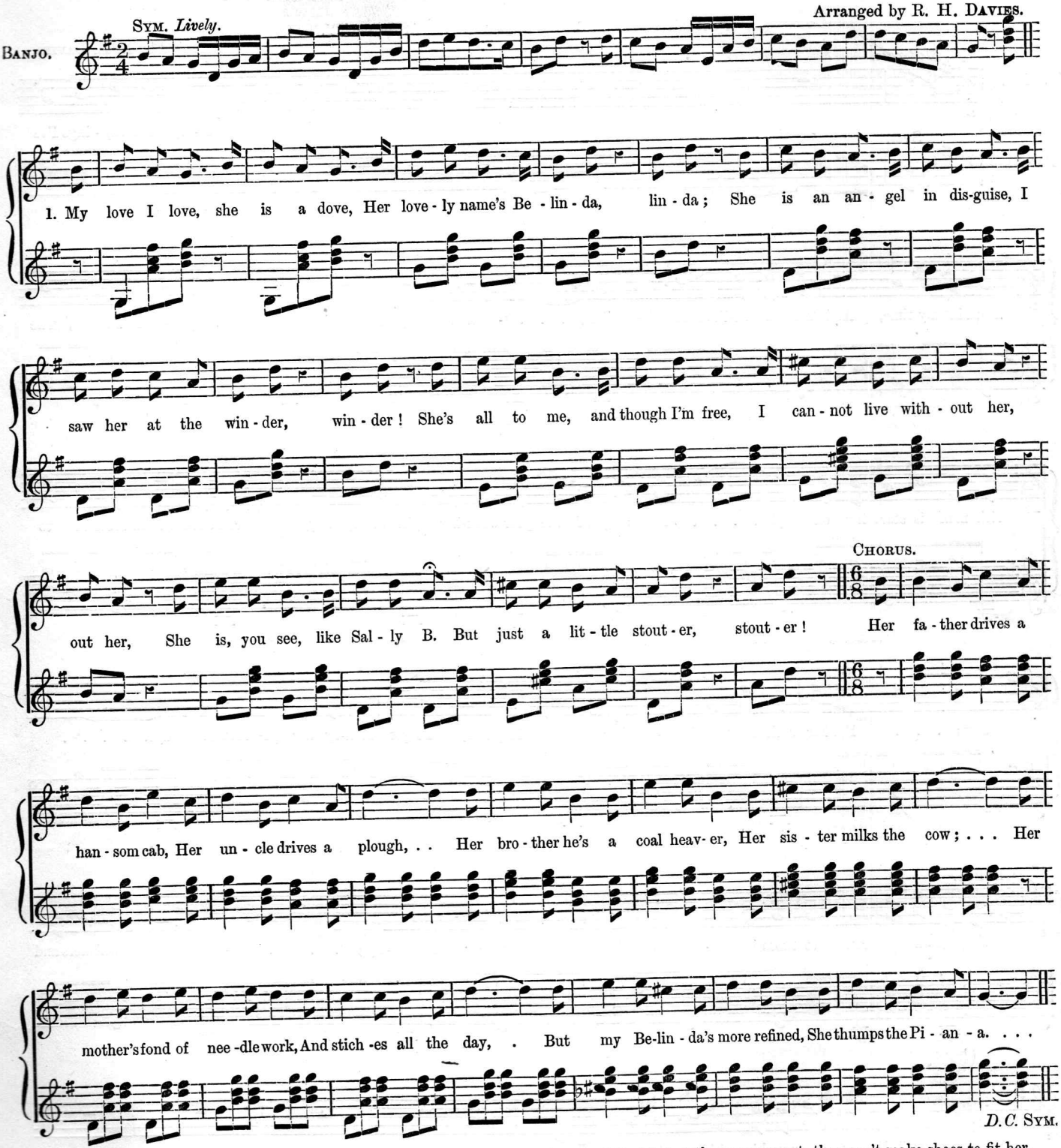
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

VOICE.
BANJO.
SYM.
1. Jen-ny, my own true loved one, I'm
go - ing far from thee, . . . Out on the bound-ing bil - - lows, Out on the dark blue
sea. . . . How I shall miss you, my dar - - ling, There when the storm is rag - ing high! . . . .
CHORUS.
Jen - ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by. . . . . Wait till the clouds roll
by, Jen - ny, Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen-ny, my own true loved one,
rall.
Wait till the clouds roll by. . . . .
SYM.

2. Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Will you then dream of me, love?
Will you your promise keep?
Soon will I come to you, darling,
Take courage, dear, and never sigh;
Gladness will follow sorrow,
Wait till the clouds roll by.
Wait till the clouds, &c.

3. Jenny, I'll keep your image
Within my heart so true,
Each thought of mine forever
Still, love, shall be of you;
Dry then your teardrops, my darling,
Soon will the night of sorrow fly;
Jenny, now don't be lonely,
Wait till the clouds roll by.
Wait till the clouds, &c.

BELINDA.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

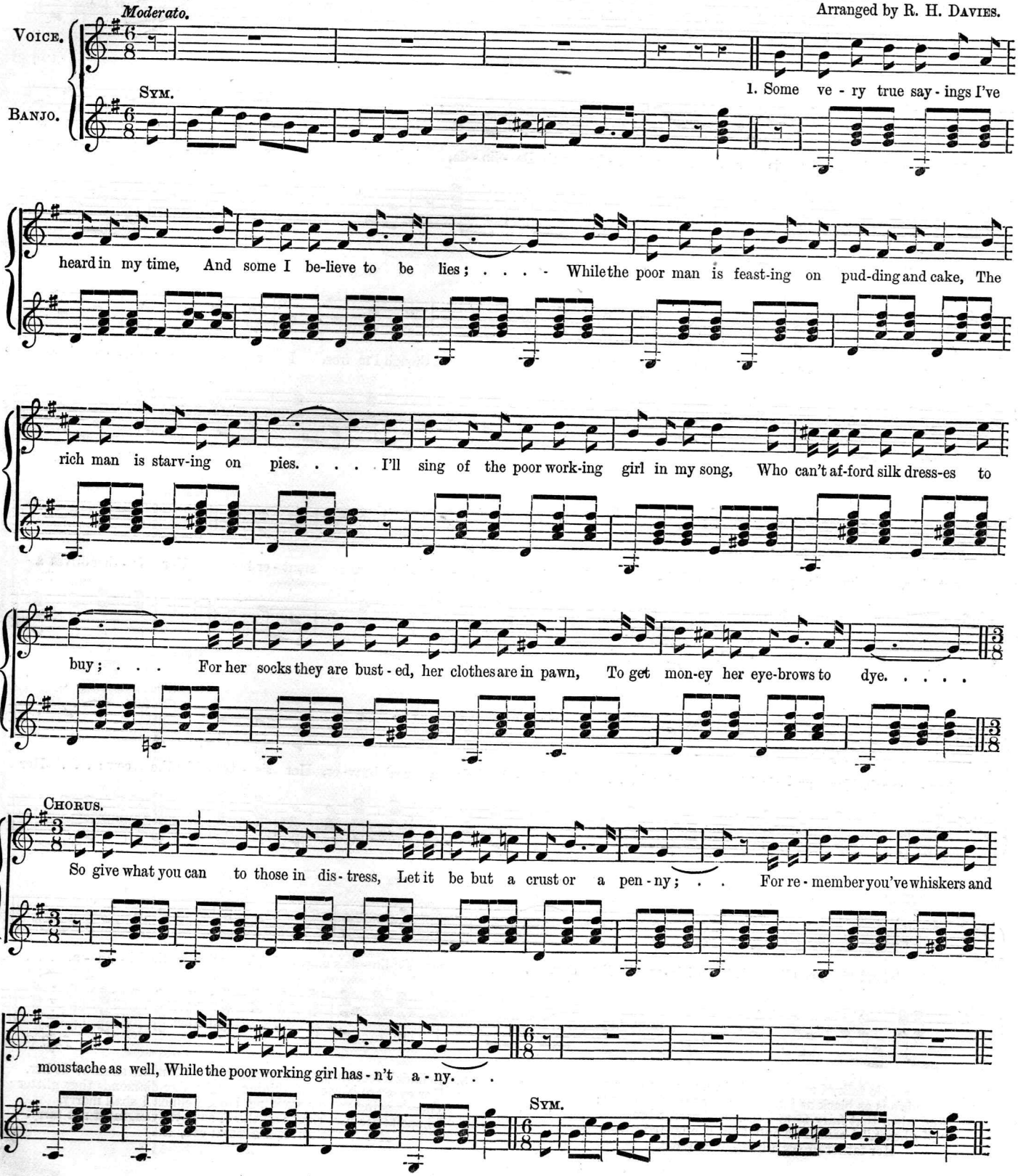
BANJO. SYM. *Lively.*

1. My love I love, she is a dove, Her love - ly name's Be - lin - da, lin - da; She is an an - gel in dis-guise, I
saw her at the win - der, win - der! She's all to me, and though I'm free, I can - not live with - out her,
CHORUS.
out her, She is, you see, like Sal - ly B. But just a lit - tle stout - er, stout - er! Her fa - ther drives a
han - som cab, Her un - cle drives a plough, . . Her bro - ther he's a coal heav - er, Her sis - ter milks the cow; . . . Her
mother's fond of nee - dle work, And stich - es all the day, . But my Be-lin - da's more refined, She thumps the Pi - an - a. . . .
D.C. SYM.

2. Some people talk of nut-brown hair, and some of tresses yaller,
Belinda's is as black as jet, and glossy too with taller;
And when that fairy form I see, my heart it beats like thunder,
"My heart," I said, I've only half, she busted it asunder.
Her father drives a hansom cab, &c.

3. Belinda's feet they are so neat, they can't make shoes to fit her,
Her eyes are black and shining bright, like diamonds they glitter;
There's going to be a wedding, boys, Belinda I shall marry,
I hope to see my friends all there, so boys, you, must not tarry.
Her father drives a hansom cab, &c.

GIVE WHAT YOU CAN TO THOSE IN DISTRESS.

FOR THE POOR WORKING GIRL HASN'T ANY.

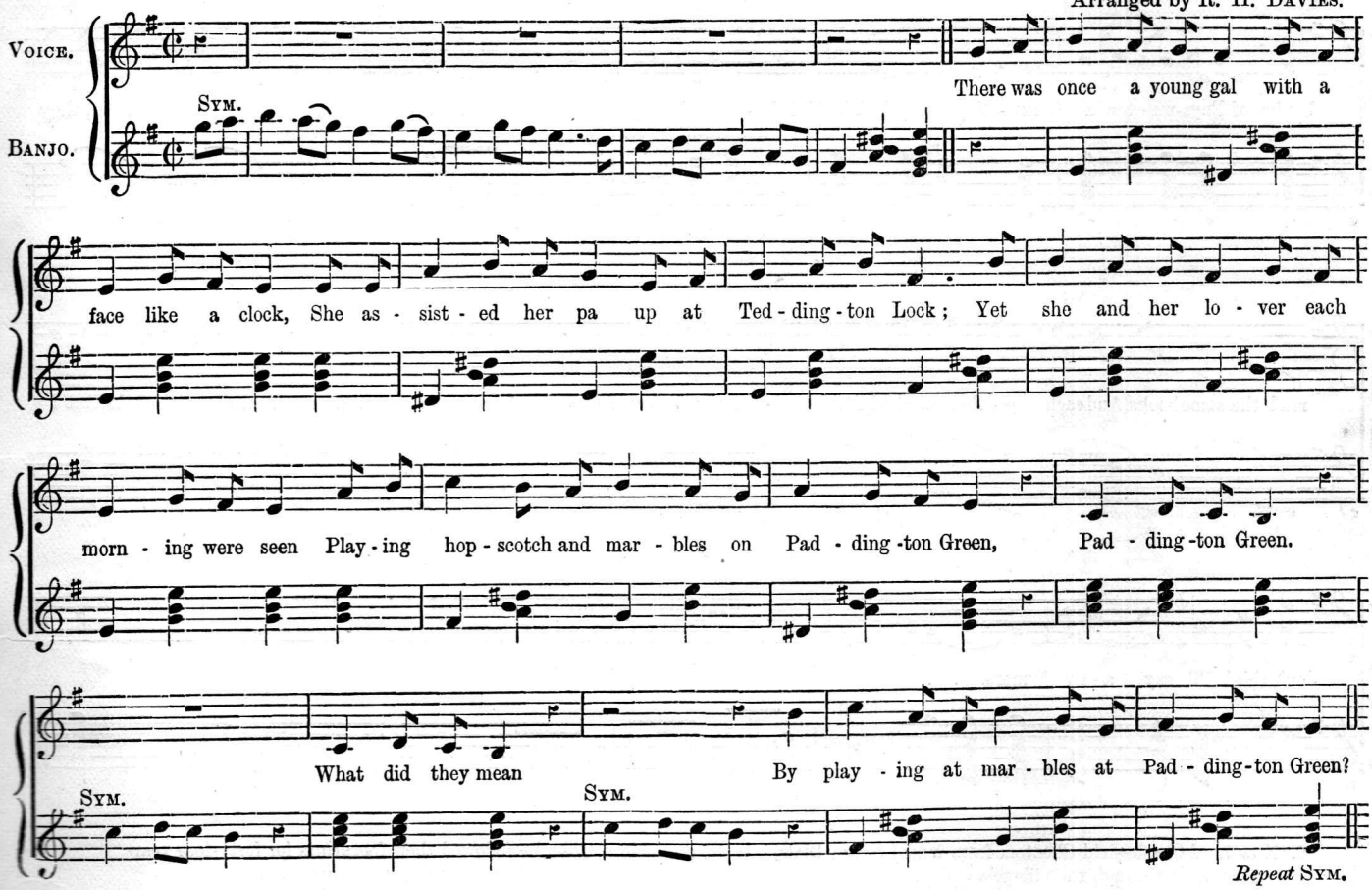
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

Moderato.
VOICE.
BANJO.
SYM.
1. Some ve - ry true say - ings I've
heard in my time, And some I be-lieve to be lies; . . . . While the poor man is feast-ing on pud-ding and cake, The
rich man is starv-ing on pies. . . . I'll sing of the poor work-ing girl in my song, Who can't af-ford silk dress-es to
buy; . . . For her socks they are bust - ed, her clothes are in pawn, To get mon-ey her eye-brows to dye. . . . .
CHORUS.
So give what you can to those in dis - tress, Let it be but a crust or a pen - ny; . . For re - member you've whiskers and
moustache as well, While the poor working girl has - n't a - ny. . .
SYM.

2. As you walk through the business-like part of the town,
These young girls you'll meet on their way,
Wearing their cheek out by day and by night,
And striving to make the thing pay.
Is it right that the poor in their coaches should ride,
While the rich have their living to seek,
Three cheers for the man who has twenty-six kids,
And keeps them on ten bob a week.
So give what you can to those that's undressed,
Let it be but a crust or a penny ;
Remember your mouth is chock full of false teeth,
While the newly born babe hasn't any.

3. The poor every year to the seaside will go,
For the good of their health is a proof ;
They smoke their cigars, and go bathing in silk
While the rich have to sleep on the roof.
He sees them spend free for their coffee and tea,
And often it does turn his brain
To see himself drinking water because he is rich,
While the poor man is drinking Champagne.
So give what you can to those with too much,
Let it be but a sovereign or penny ;
Remember the rich have no corns on their feet,
While the poor working man has too many.

4. The boot black who stands on the corner each day,
While thousands roll in at his feet,
Will turn up his nose at the poor millionaire,
And scorn at the rich in the street ;
The factory girl too wears her gold watch and chain,
And large diamond rings on each hand ;
While the Lord Mayor's son has no shirt to his back,
It's a thing that I can't understand.
So remember my sayings when you are dead drunk,
And counting your pounds by the penny ;
Don't forget you have whiskers and moustache as well,
While the poor working girl hasn't any.

PADDINGTON GREEN.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

VOICE.
BANJO.
SYM.
There was once a young gal with a
face like a clock, She as - sist - ed her pa up at Ted - ding - ton Lock ; Yet she and her lo - ver each
morn - ing were seen Play - ing hop - scotch and mar - bles on Pad - ding - ton Green, Pad - ding - ton Green.
What did they mean By play - ing at mar - bles at Pad - ding - ton Green?
SYM.
SYM.
Repeat SYM.

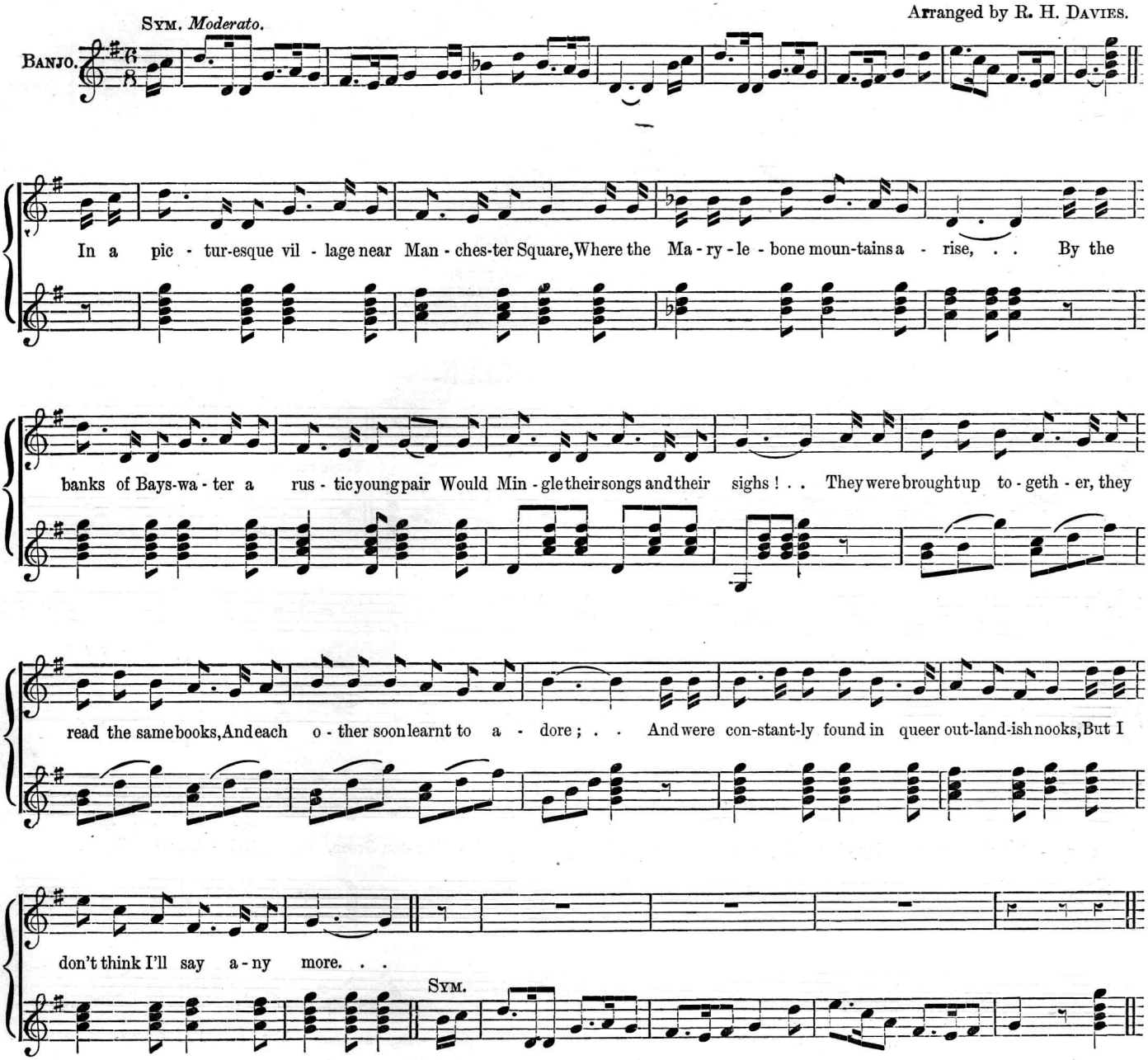
2. Oh ! they seemed to exist in elysian bowers,
For they'd kiss and they'd cuddle for hours and hours ;
The lover was learned, though lanky and lean,
But the maiden was awfully—Paddington Green.
Paddington Green, sweet seventeen,
But simple as dahlias on Paddington Green.

3. Oh ! he axed this young gal if his bride she would be,
But she turned up her nose and said " fiddle de dee,
The man that weds me must be rolling in tin,"
Then she gave a sarcastic Paddington Grin.
Paddington Grin, " Don't care a pin,"
Said this gal with a demoniac Paddington Grin.

4. Oh ! he swore with a swear, " I am very much vexed,
Say your prayers, for the following moment's your next,
For to cause a young fellow such sorrow and pain,
Of affection you haven't a Paddington Grain.
Paddington Grain, hear it again,
Of affection you haven't a Paddington Grain."

5. Oh ! he caught by the hair this perfidious gal,
And he dragged her as far as the Junction canal,
In they went and they sank like a big cherry-stone,
And when sinking they gave a big Paddington Groan.
Paddington Groan, worst ever known
Round that part was their last dying Paddington Groan.

I DON'T THINK I'LL SAY ANY MORE.

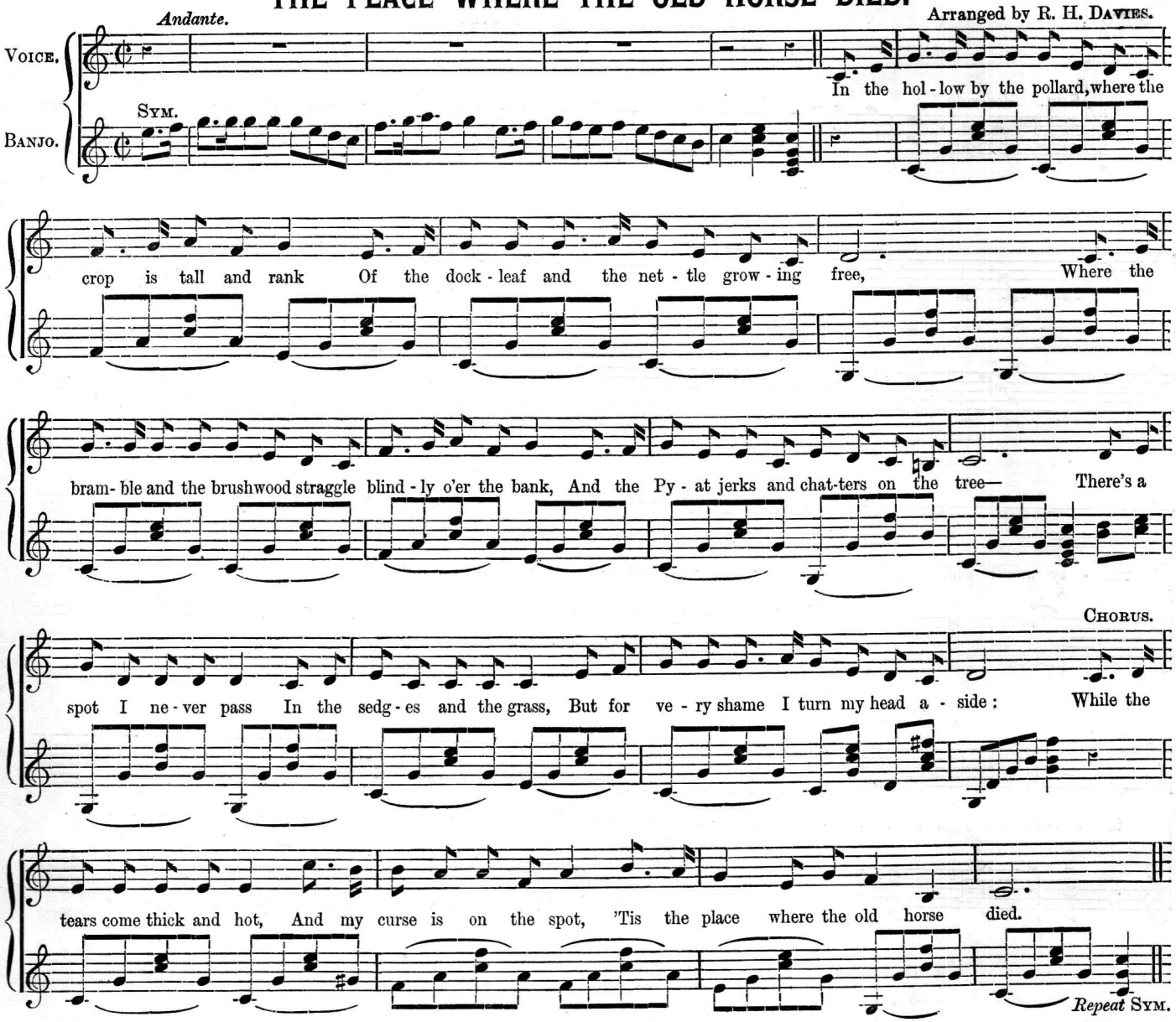
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

SYM. *Moderato.*
BANJO.
In a pic - tur-esque vil - lage near Man - ches-ter Square, Where the Ma - ry - le - bone moun-tains a - rise, . . By the
banks of Bays-wa - ter a rus - tic young pair Would Min - gle their songs and their sighs ! . . They were brought up to - geth - er, they
read the same books, And each o - ther soon learnt to a - dore ; . . And were con-stant-ly found in queer out-land-ish nooks, But I
don't think I'll say a - ny more. . .
SYM.

2. Now Lord Chesterfield Cheatem from famed Seven Dials,
He passed through the village one day,
And allured this young damsel with toffy and smiles,
Till one morning they bolted away.
All the neighbours said "shocking," the lover he raved,
And one old gossip vowed that he swore,
Said she, "Certain I am that he uttered a—hem !"
But I don't think I'll say any more.

3. Then he sharpened his gingham and saddled his moke,
And to start on their track did prepare,
Ere he went an old villager up and she spoke,
Saying, "Leave us a lock o' your hair."
Then he followed their footprints for forty-four years,
Till his donkey was weary and sore,
And amid the tall grass he buried his Jerusalem,
But I don't think I'll say any more.

4. Oh ! he wept o'er his moke and proceeded to tear
His hair by large roots from his head,
Which awoke him and quickly dispelled the nightmare,
And he jumped like a shot from the bed ;
Then he rushed to her house, found her ready, and then
To the church he his faithful one bore,
They were wed, toddled home, and when evening drew near,
But I don't think I'll say any more.

THE PLACE WHERE THE OLD HORSE DIED.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

Andante.
VOICE.
BANJO.
SYM.
In the hol - low by the pollard, where the
crop is tall and rank Of the dock - leaf and the net - tle grow - ing free, Where the
bram- ble and the brushwood straggle blind - ly o'er the bank, And the Py - at jerks and chat-ters on the tree— There's a
CHORUS.
spot I ne - ver pass In the sedg - es and the grass, But for ve - ry shame I turn my head a - side: While the
tears come thick and hot, And my curse is on the spot, 'Tis the place where the old horse died.
Repeat SYM.

2. There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his hide upon the chair,
A better never bent him to the rein ;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty stall and bare ;
I shall never ride my gallant horse again !
How he laid him out at speed, how he loved to have a lead,
How he snorted in his mettle and his pride !
Not a flyer of the hunt was beside him in the front,
At the place where the old horse died.

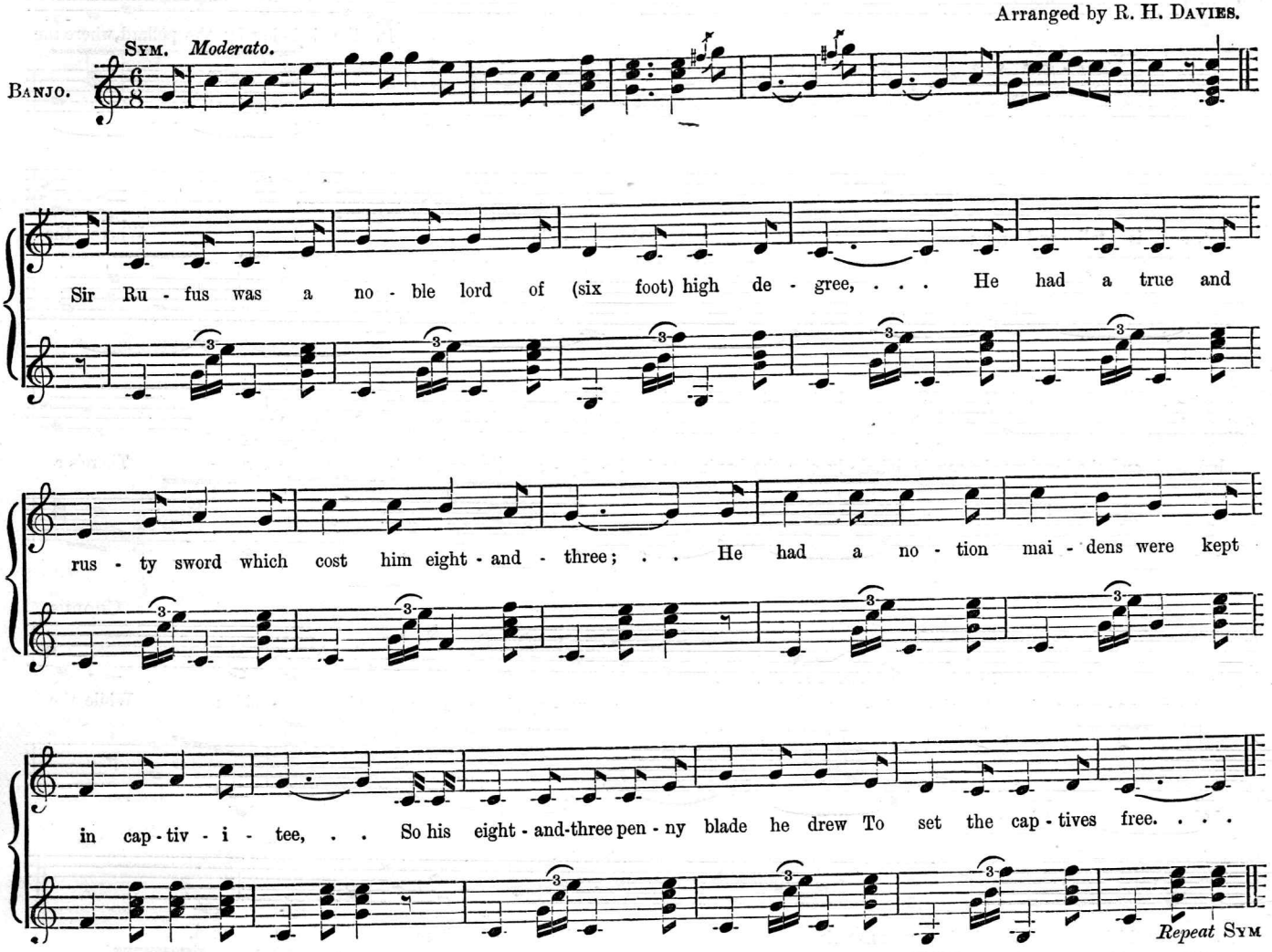
3. Was he blown ? I hardly think it. Did he slip ? I cannot tell,
We had run for forty minutes in the vale ;
He was reaching at his bridle, he was going strong and well,
And he never seemed to falter or to fail ;
Though I sometimes fancy, too, that his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride,
Yet he faced it true and brave and dropp'd into his grave
At the place where the old horse died.

4. I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed to stir,
Though I scored him with my rowels in the fall ;
In his life he had not felt before the insult of the spur,
And I knew that it was over, once for all.
When motionless he lay in his cheerless bed of clay,
Huddled up without an effort on his side—
'Twas a hard and bitter stroke, for his honest back was broke
At the place where the old horse died.

5. With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched me like a groan,
"Farewell," he seemed to murmur "ere I die ;"
Then set his teeth and stretched his limbs, and so I stood alone,
While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by.
Am I womanly and weak if the tear was on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide ?
If sickened and amazed through a woful mist I gazed
On the place where the old horse died ?

6. There are men both good and wise who hold that in a future state
Dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate ;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so ?
For never man had friend more enduring to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide !
Could I think we'd meet again it would lighten half my pain
At the place where the old horse died.

SIR RUFUS THE RUM.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BANJO.
SYM. Moderato.
Sir Ru - fus was a no - ble lord of (six foot) high de - gree, . . . He had a true and
rus - ty sword which cost him eight - and - three; . . He had a no - tion mai - dens were kept
in cap - tiv - i - tee, . . So his eight - and-three pen - ny blade he drew To set the cap - tives free. . . .
Repeat SYM

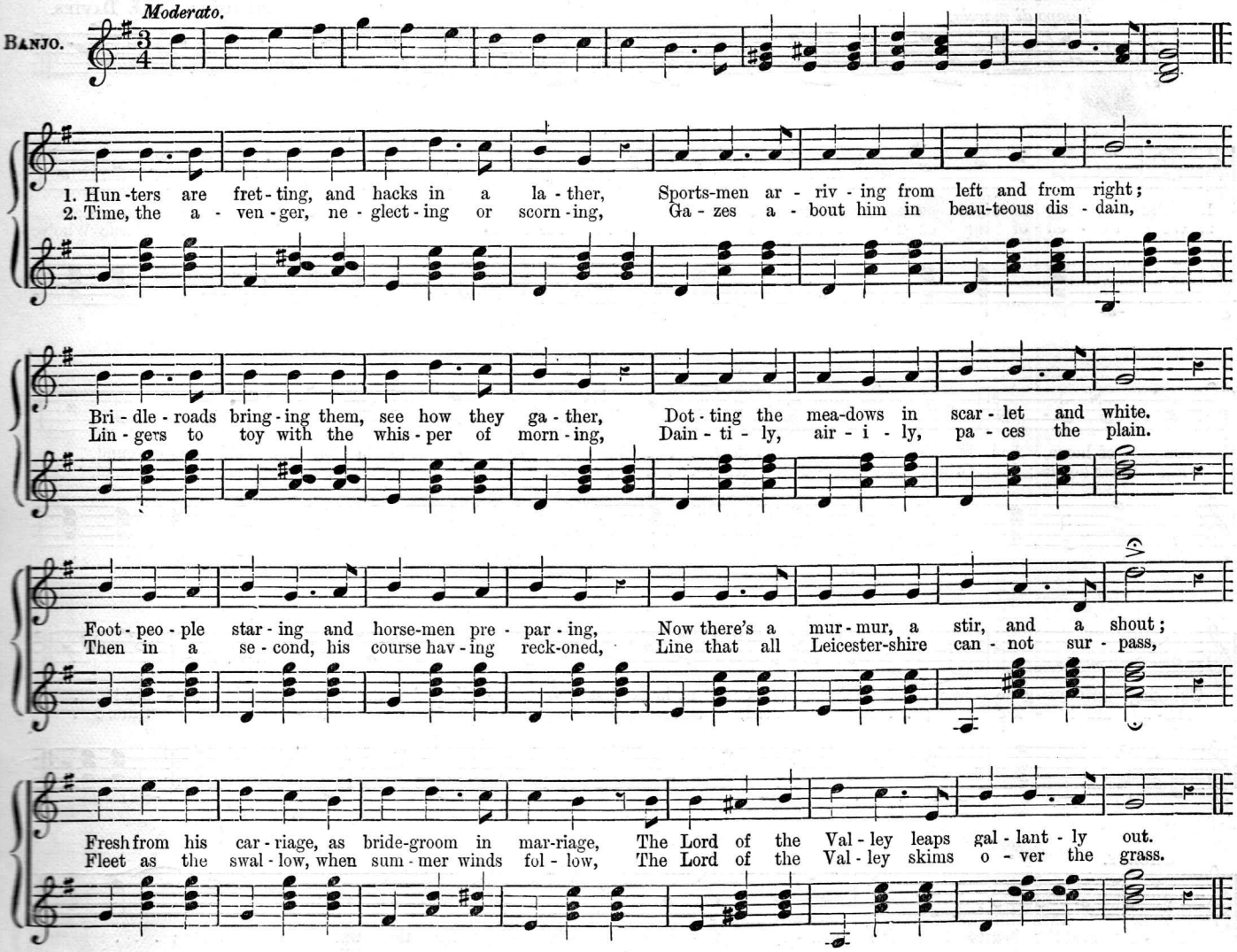
2. He wandered on for many a year, till grey with age he grew ;
At last a mansion he drew near, and paused an hour or two ;
A maiden's voice cried out, "Alas ! my birthday morn I rue,
For I'm captive here against my will, and don't know what to do."

3. Sir Rufus sheathed his eight-and-three, then rang the bell like mad,
The porter stared ; Sir Rufus he cried out, "Thou low-bred cad,
Thou hast a captive here, I trow," the porter—quite a lad,
Gave a scratch at his head as he winked and said, "I should rather think we had."

4. "Why pines she here? come quick reply, I will not ask again,"
The porter, quite a lad, replied, "I grieve to cause you pain,
'Twas on a dark November night, not far from Drury Lane,
She knocked a gentleman on the head, and borrowed his watch and chain."

5. "What is this place?" Sir Rufus said, with wild and feverish heat ;
The lad replied "It's Clerkenwell, a jail as none can beat."
Sir Rufus sheathed his eight-and-three, and strode into the street,
Where he treated himself to a mild cigar, and three of brandy neat.

THE LORD OF THE VALLEY.

Arranged by R. H. Davies.

Moderato.
Banjo.
1. Hun-ters are fret-ting, and hacks in a la-ther, Sports-men ar-riv-ing from left and from right;
2. Time, the a-ven-ger, ne-glect-ing or scorn-ing, Ga-zes a-bout him in beau-teous dis-dain,
Bri-dle-roads bring-ing them, see how they ga-ther, Dot-ting the mea-dows in scar-let and white.
Lin-gers to toy with the whis-per of morn-ing, Dain-ti-ly, air-i-ly, pa-ces the plain.
Foot-peo-ple star-ing and horse-men pre-par-ing, Now there's a mur-mur, a stir, and a shout;
Then in a se-cond, his course hav-ing reck-oned, Line that all Leicester-shire can-not sur-pass,
Fresh from his car-riage, as bride-groom in mar-riage, The Lord of the Val-ley leaps gal-lant-ly out.
Fleet as the swal-low, when sum-mer winds fol-low, The Lord of the Val-ley skims o-ver the grass.

3. Where shall we take him? Ah! now for the tussle;
These are the beauties, can stoop, and can fly,
Down go their noses, together they bustle,
Dashing and flinging, and scorning to cry.
Never stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming,
If ever you meant it, man, mean it to-day!
Bold ones are riding, and fast ones are striding;
The Lord of the Valley is forward, away!

4. Hard on his track o'er the open, and facing
The cream of the country, the pick of the chase,
Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing;
Silence, you know's the criterion of pace.
Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving,
By hugging and cramming scarce live with them still,
The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing;
The Lord of the Valley is over the hill!

5. Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master,
Here, in a double, another lies cast;
Faster and faster come grief and disaster,
All but the good ones are weeded at last.
Hunters so limber at water and timber,
Now on the causeway are fain to be led;
Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
Has sighted the Lord of the Valley ahead!

6. There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
Steals the dark stream where the willow-tree grows;
Harden your heart and catch hold of your bridle,
Steady him! rouse him! and over he goes.
Look, in a minute a dozen are in it,
But forward! hark forward! for draggled and blown,
A check though desiring, with courage untiring,
The Lord of the Valley is holding his own.

7. Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,
Lurching and lobbing, and "bellows to mend;"
Each, while he smiles at the plight of his neighbour,
Only is anxious to get to the end.
Horses are flagging, hounds drooping and lagging,
But gathering down yonder, where press as they may,
Mobbed, driven, and haunted, but game and undaunted,
The Lord of the Valley stand proudly at bay.

8. Now here's to the Baron, and all his supporters,
The thrusters, the skirters, the whole of the tale;
And here's to the fairest of all hunting quarters,
The widest of pastures, three cheers for the Vale;
For the fair lady rider, the rogue who beside her
Finds breath in a gallop his suit to advance,
The hounds for our pleasure, that time us the measure,
The Lord of the Valley that leads us the dance!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Tempo di marcia.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

BANJO.

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer . . . Our wea - ry hearts; a song of home, And friends we love so dear. . . . We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
2. We're tir - ed of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead - and gone . . . Of the brave and true Who've left their homes; Others been woun - ded long. . . . We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground,

Thinking of days gone by; . . . Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand And the tear that said good - bye! . .
Ma - ny are ly - ing near; . . Some are dead, and some are dying— Ma - ny are in tears. . .

CHORUS.

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish - ing for the war to cease; . . .

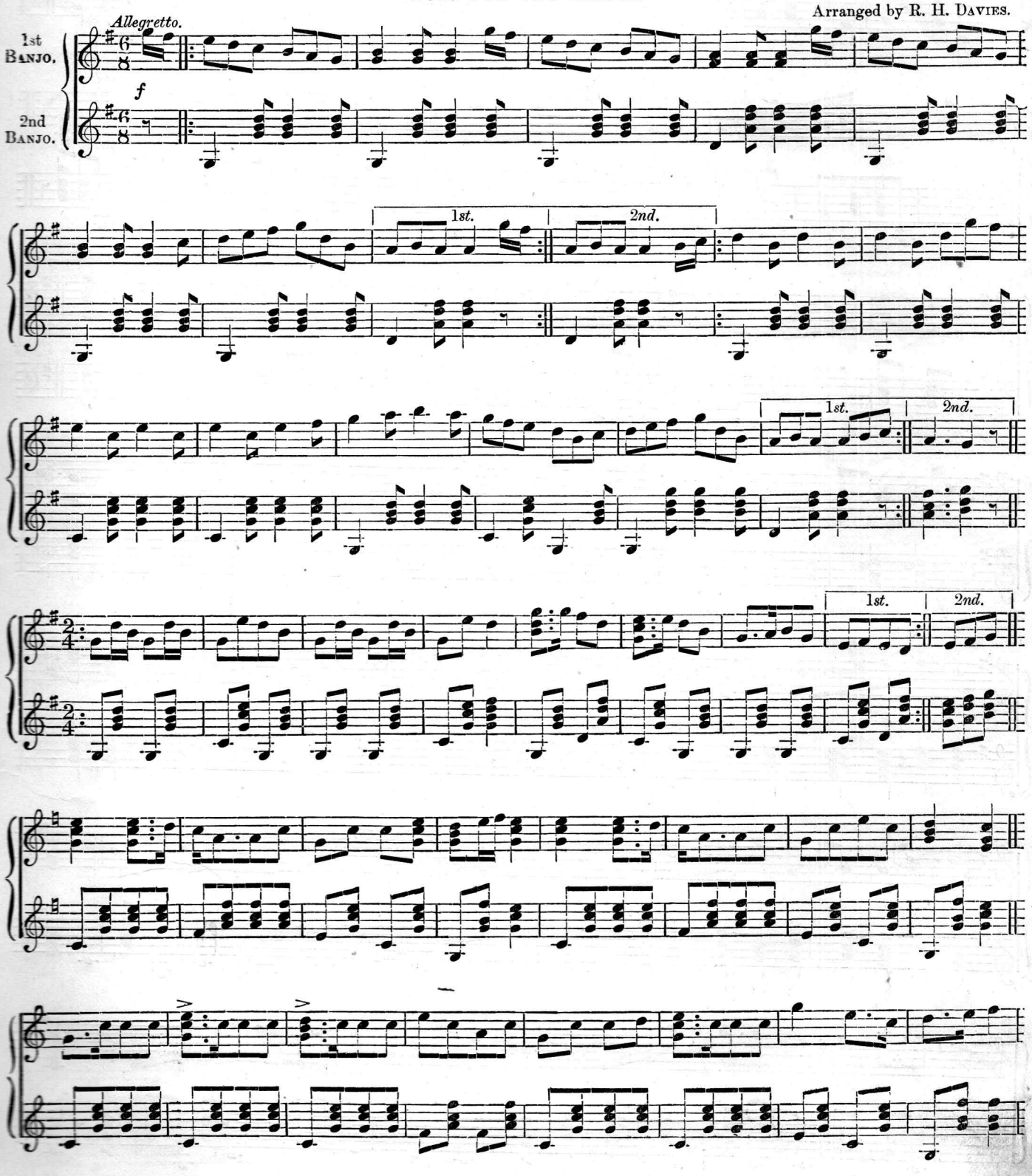
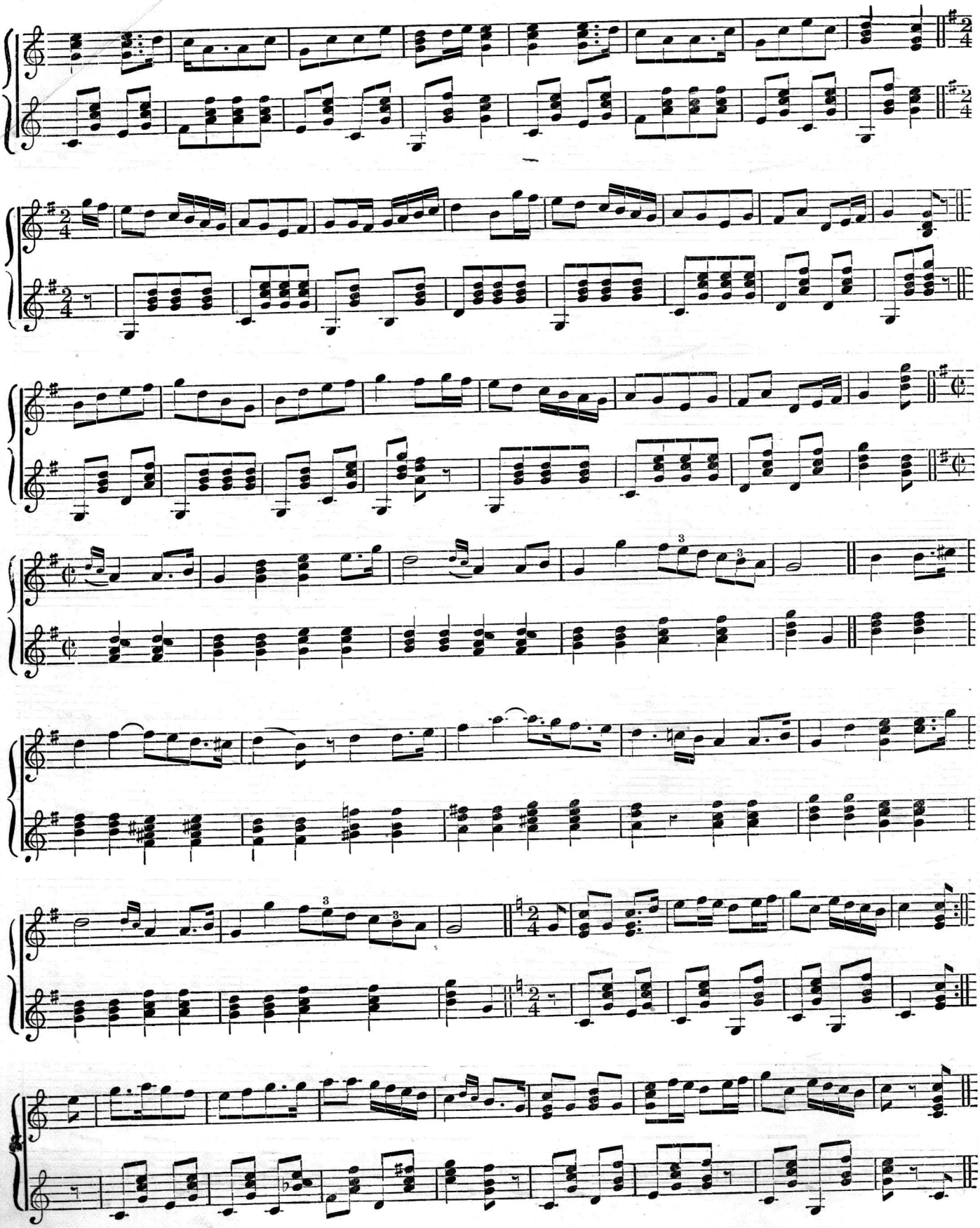
Ma - ny are the hearts look - ing for the right To see the dawn of peace. . . . Tent-ing to night,

tent - ing to - night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground. . . *Finale to first verse.* Dy - ing on the old camp ground. . . *Finale to second verse.*

MILITARY SELECTION.

DUET FOR TWO BANJOS.

Arranged by R. H. Davies.



OPERATIC SELECTION.

DUET FOR TWO BANJOS.

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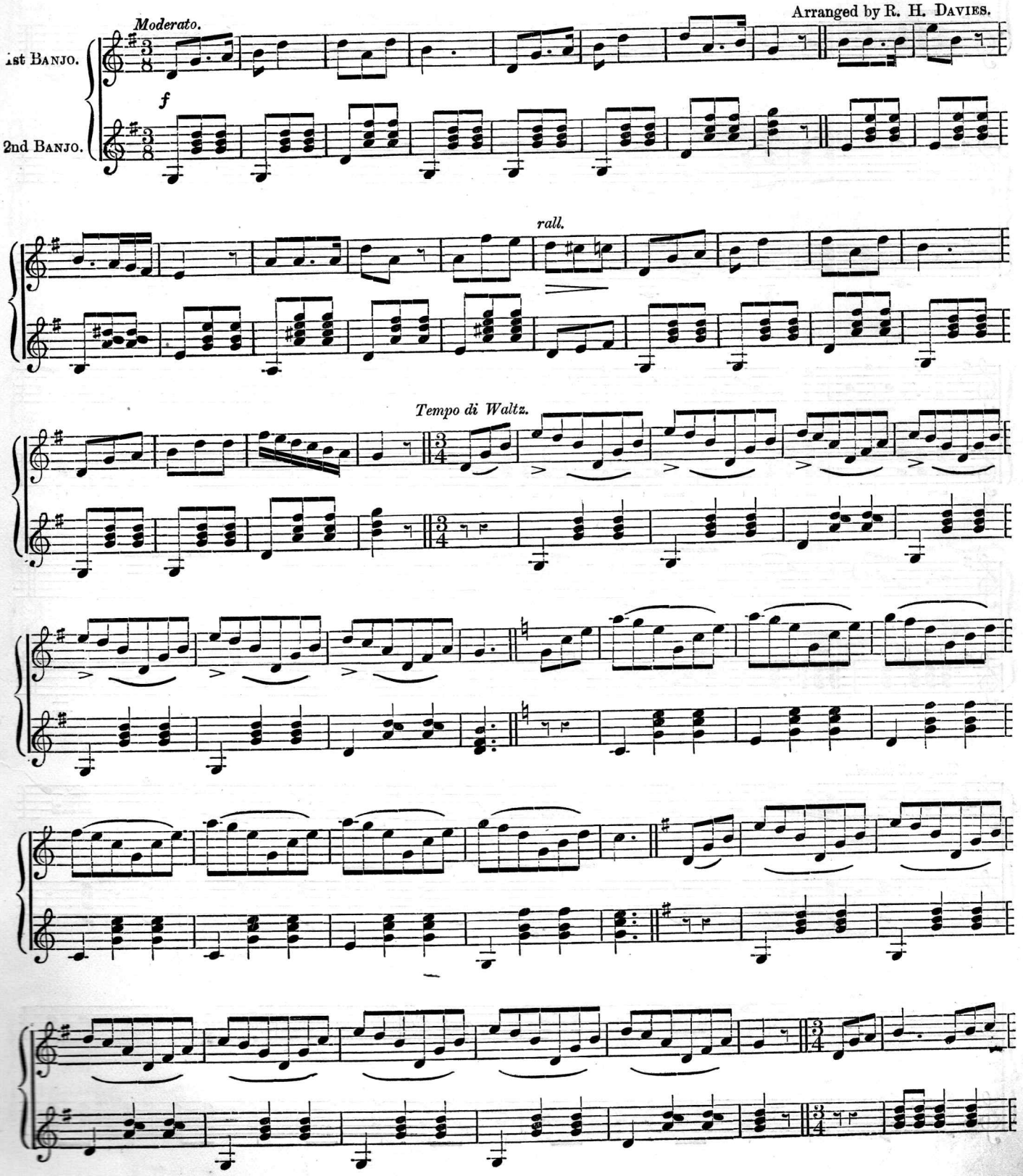
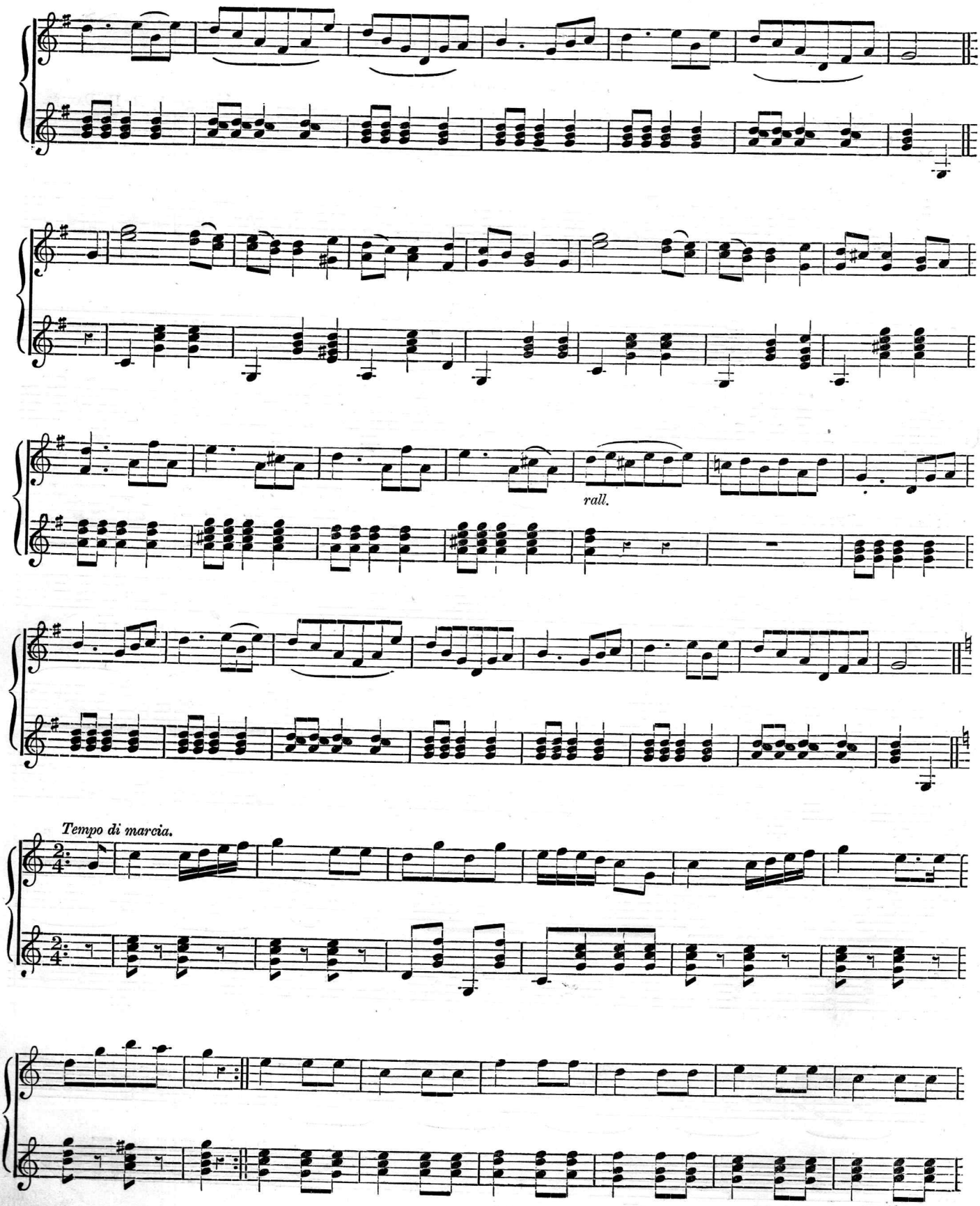
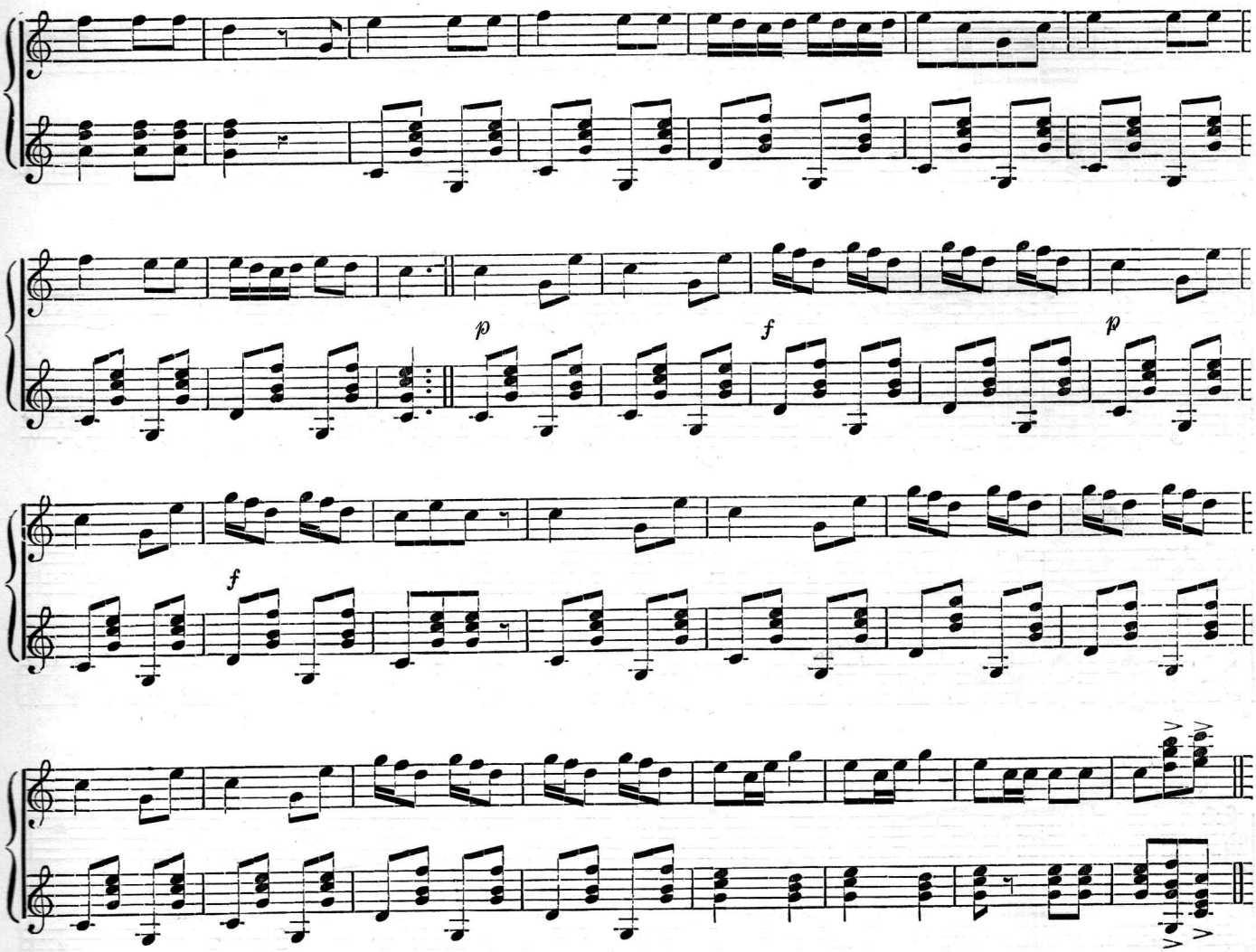
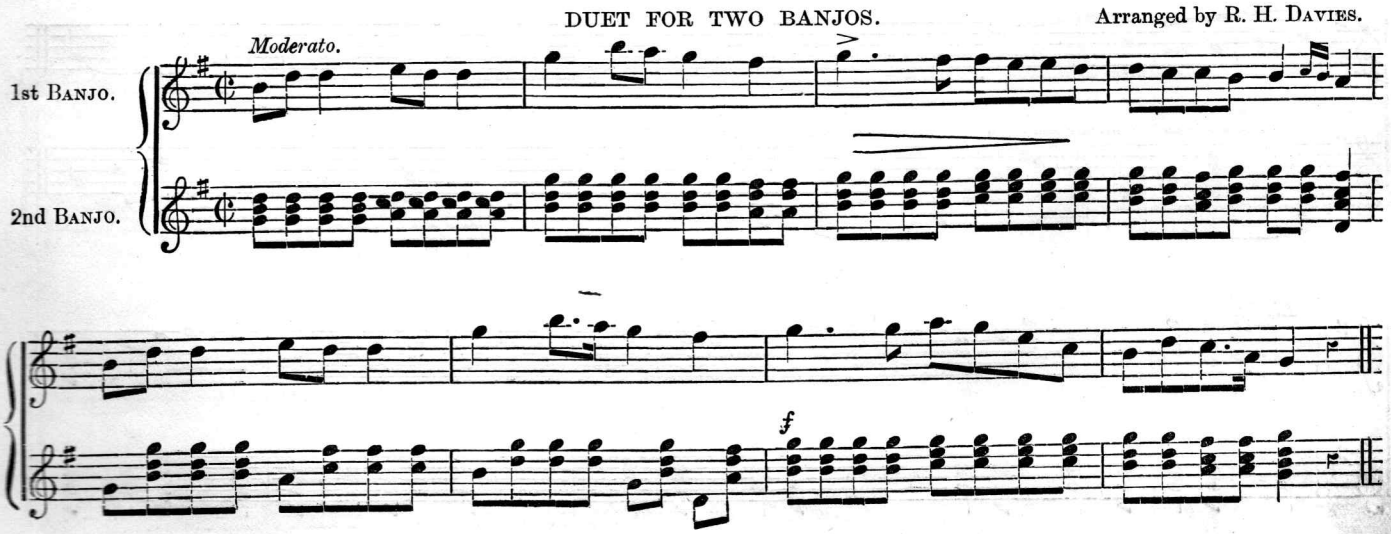
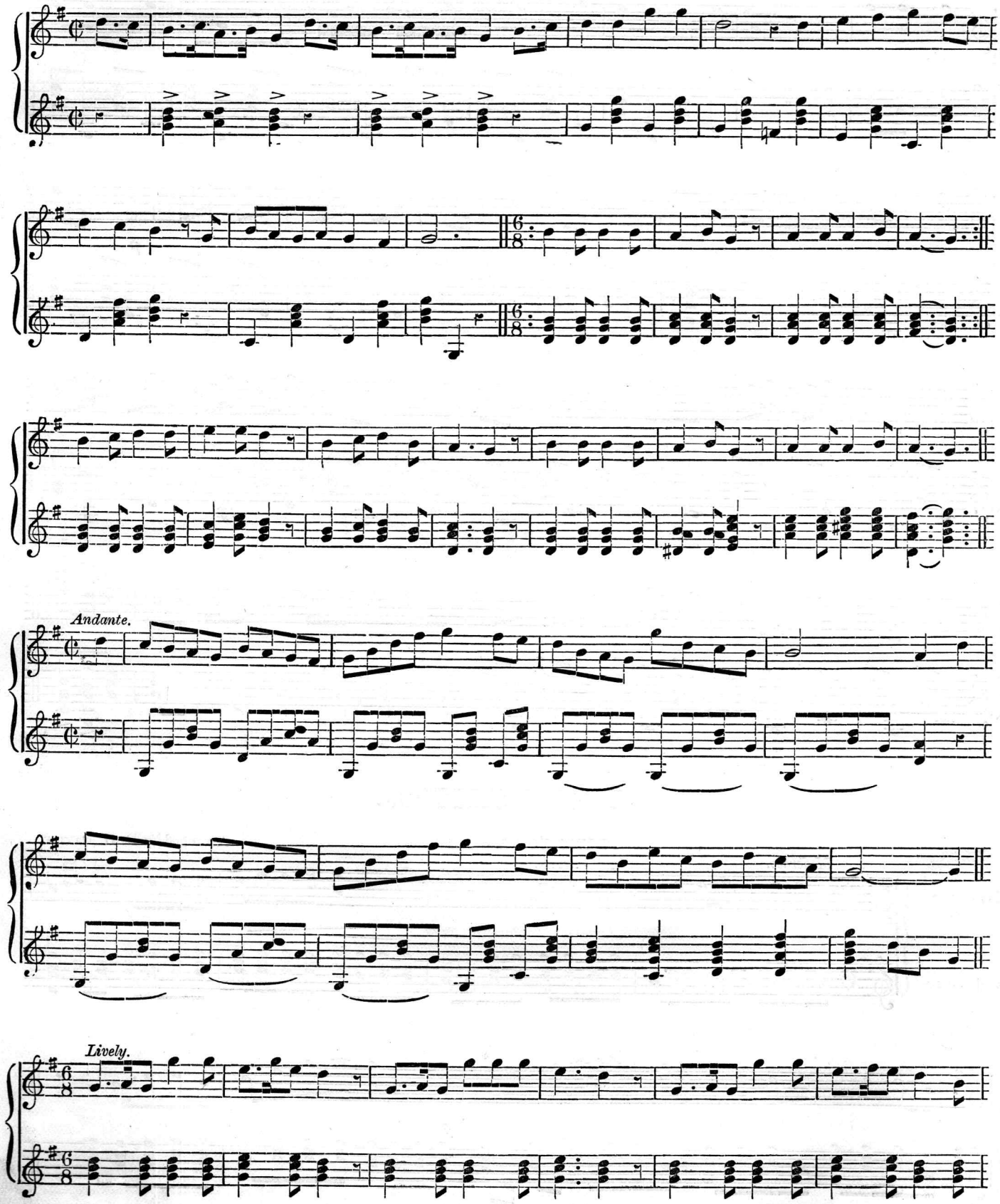

rall.
Tempo di marcia.

ENGLISH SELECTION.

DUET FOR TWO BANJOS. Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

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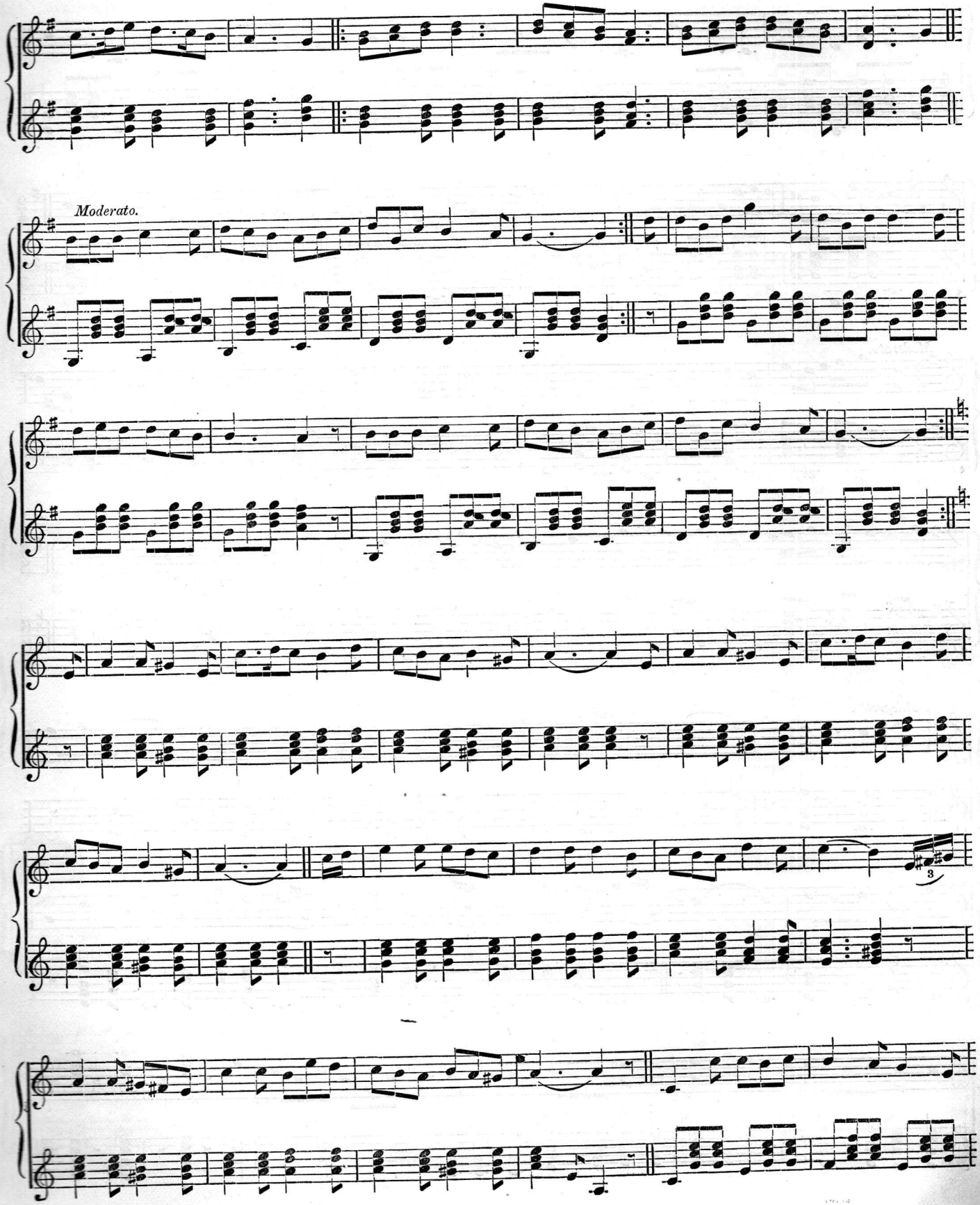
Moderato.
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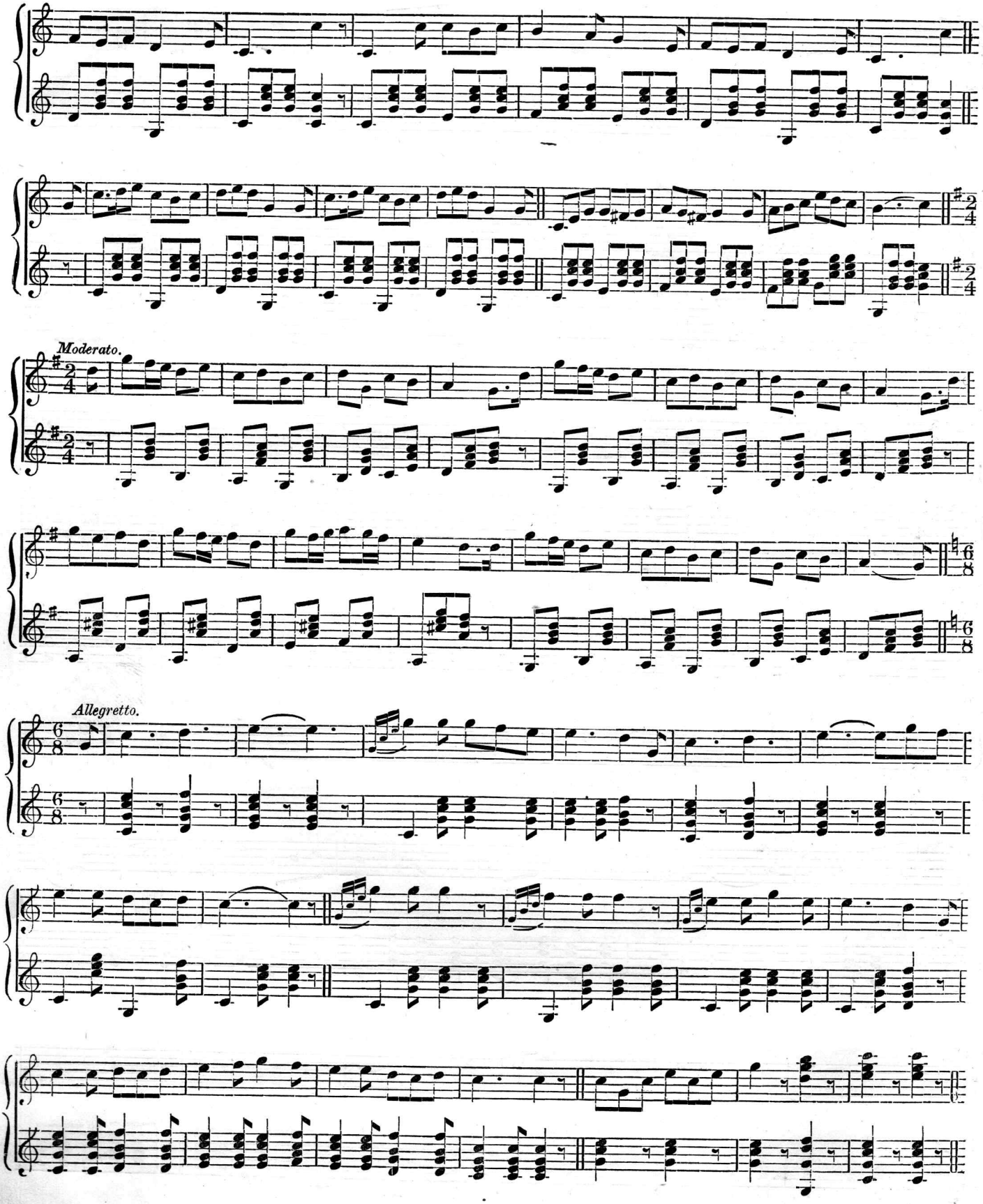
Moderato.
Allegretto.

SCOTCH SELECTION.

DUET FOR TWO BANJOS.

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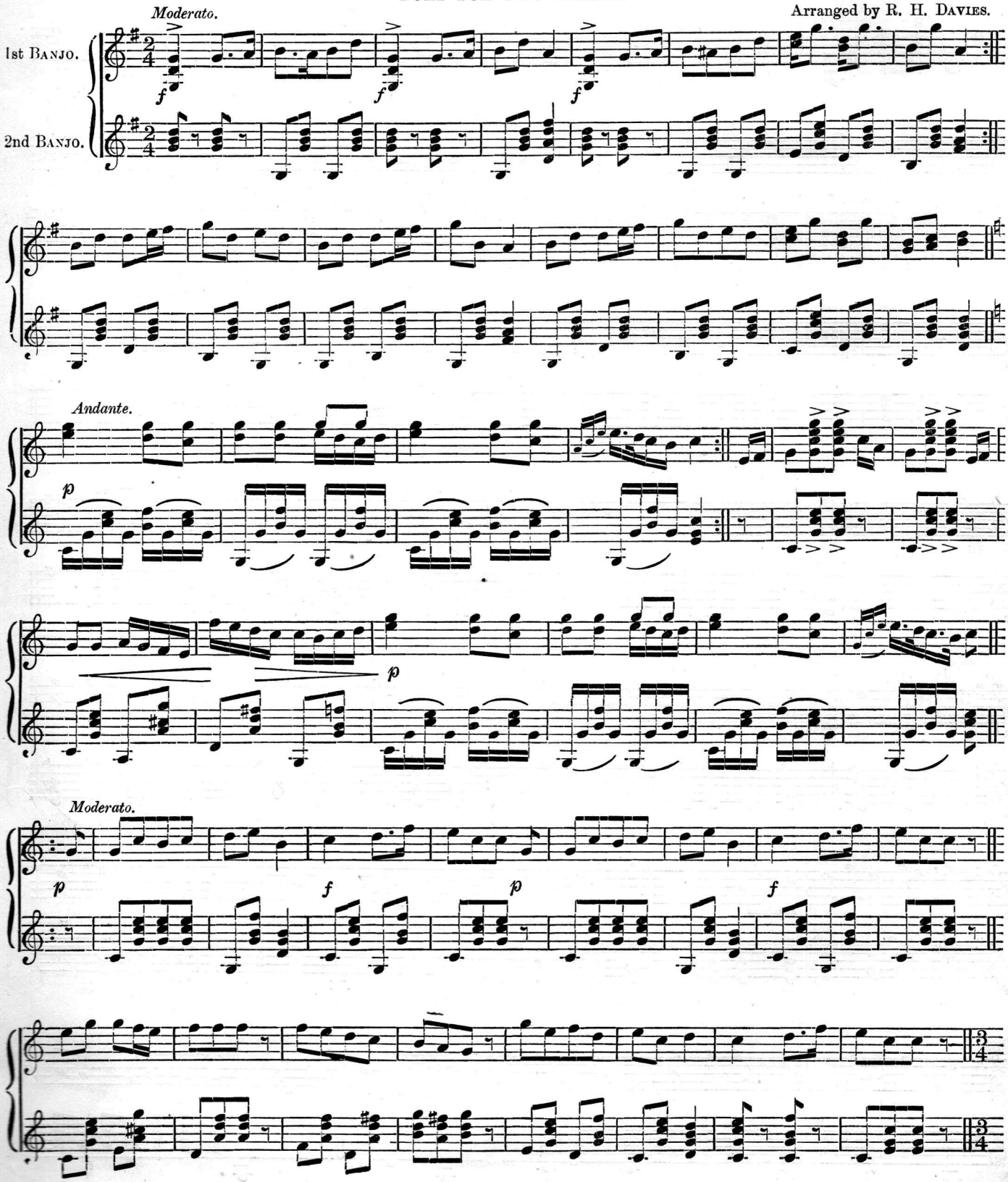
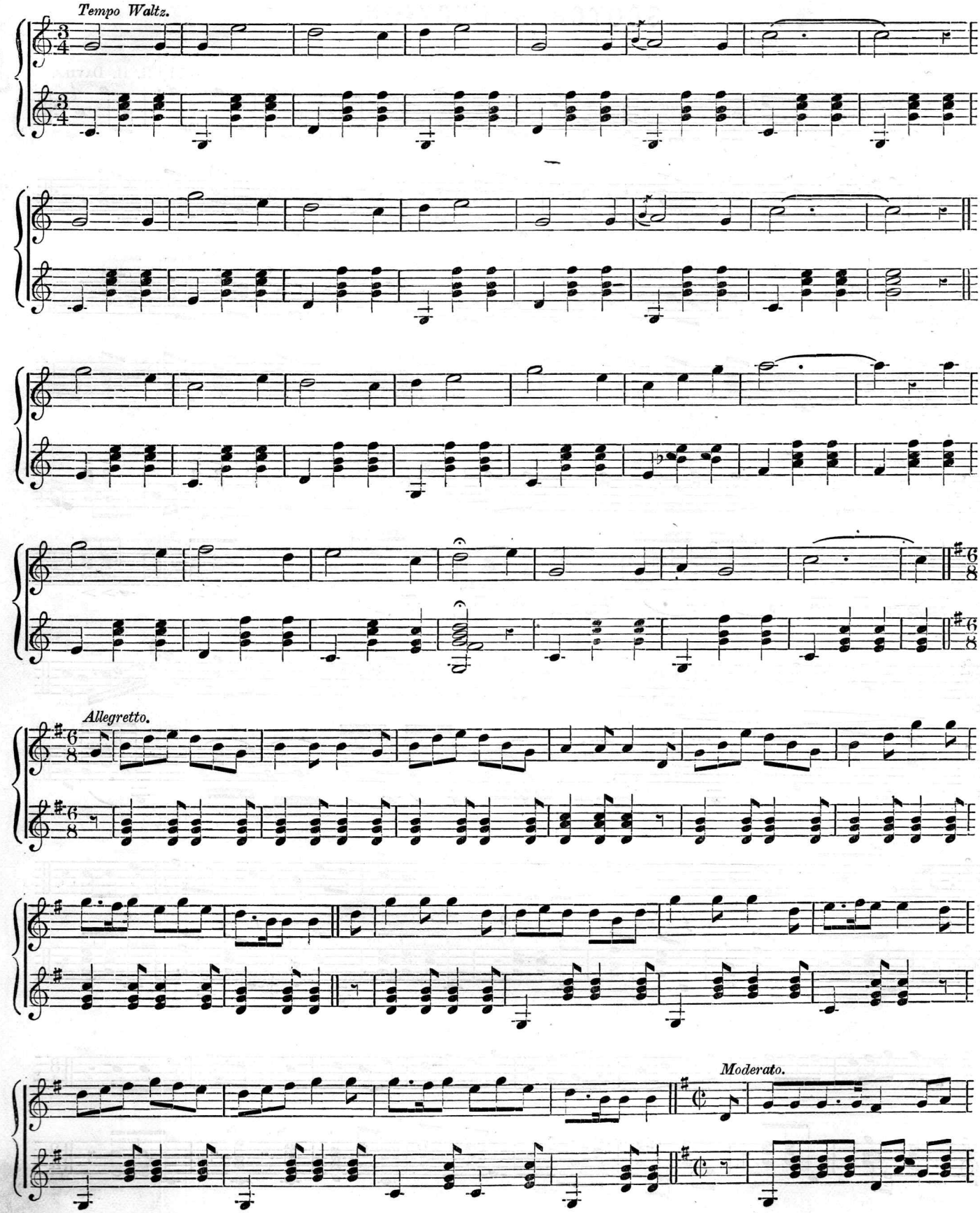
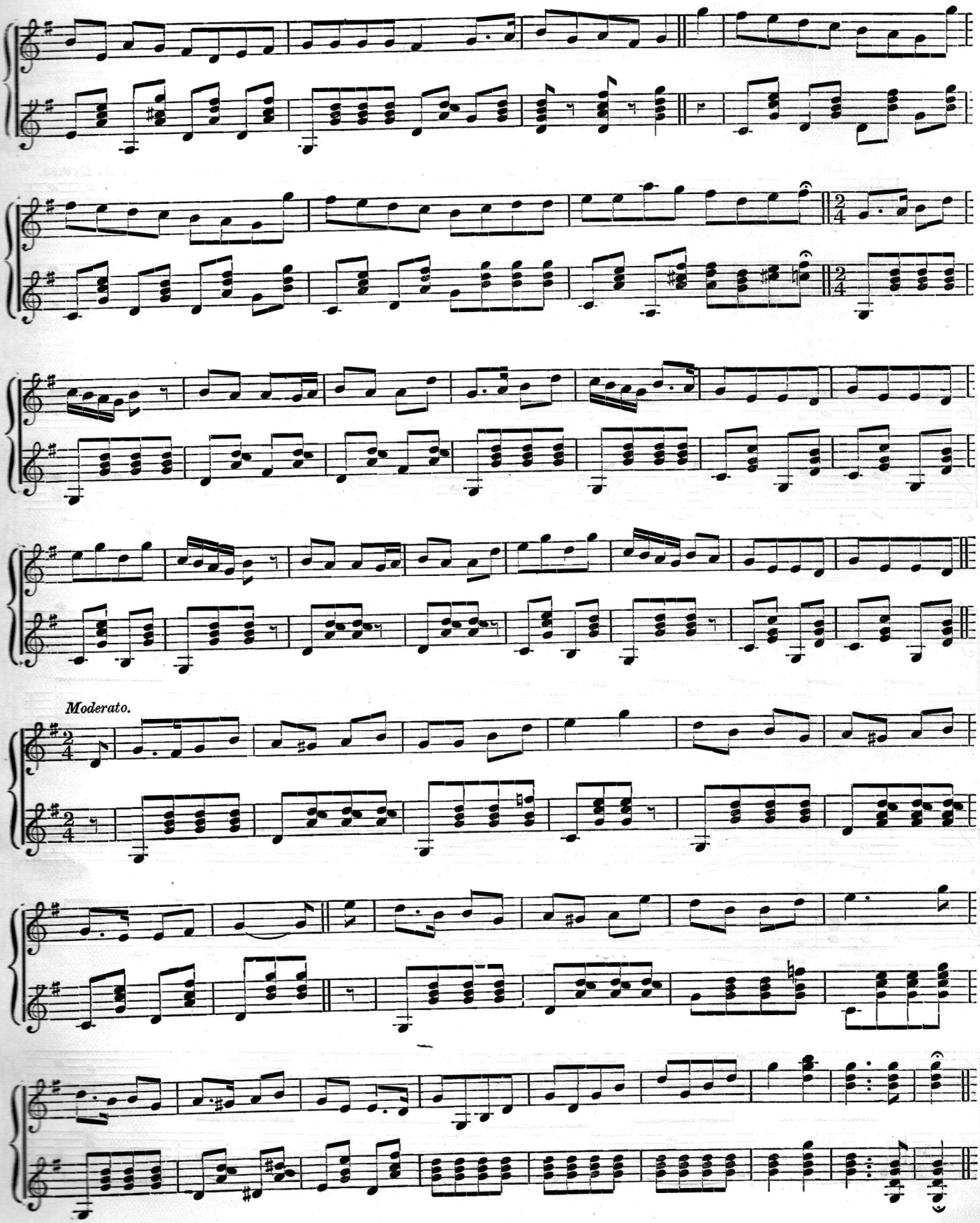
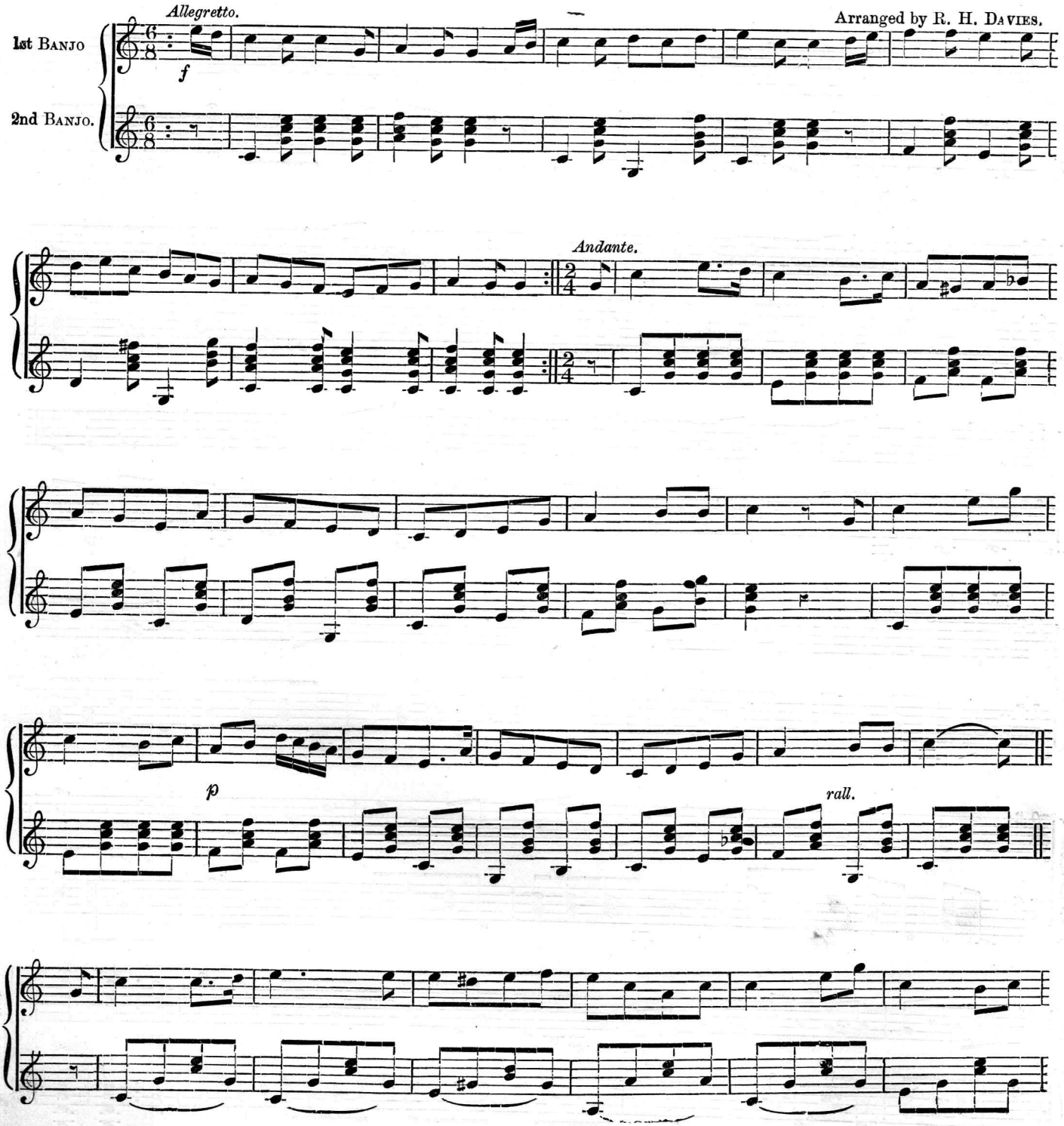
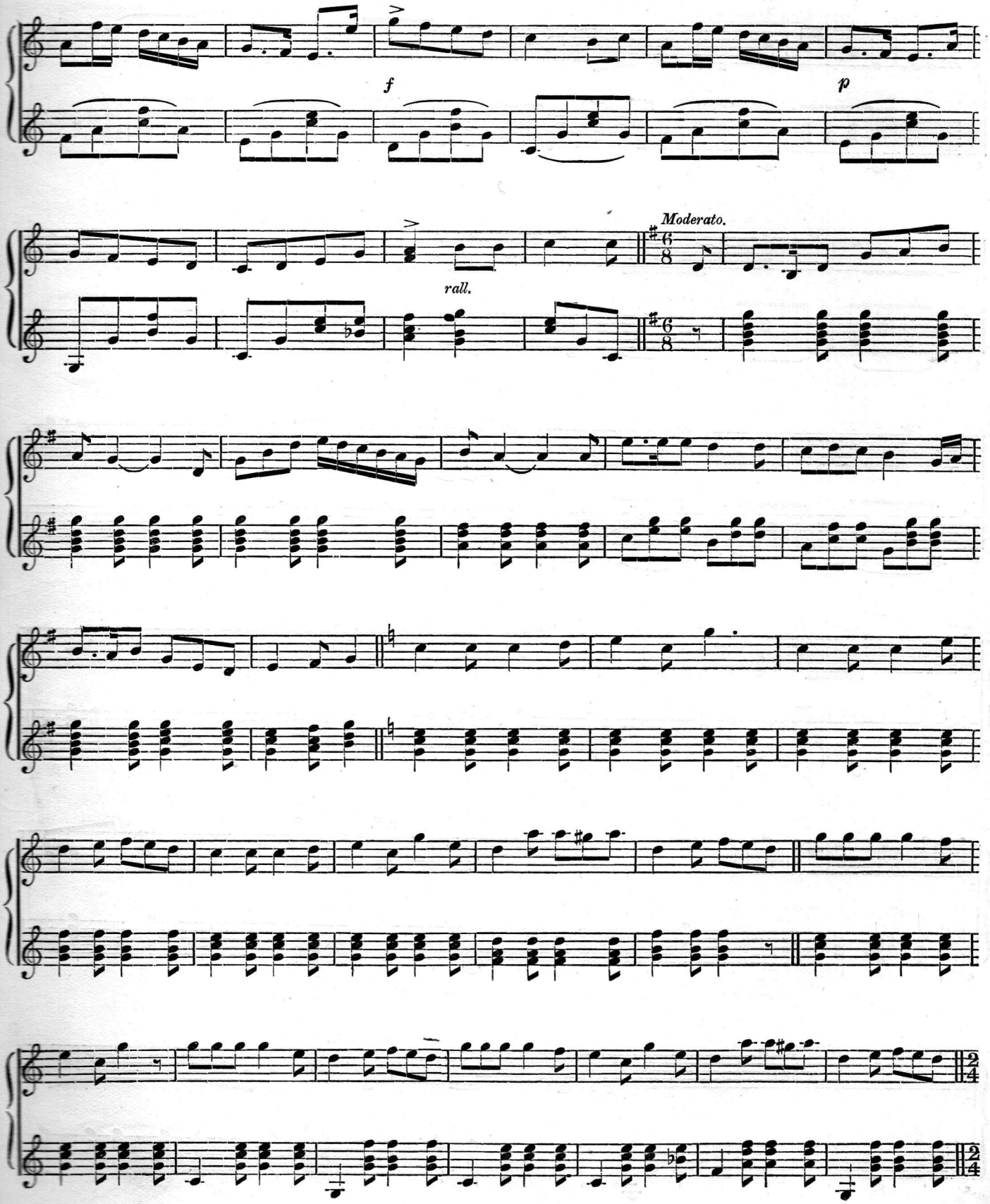

Tempo Waltz.
Allegretto.
Moderato.


Moderato.

IRISH SELECTION.

DUET FOR TWO BANJOS.

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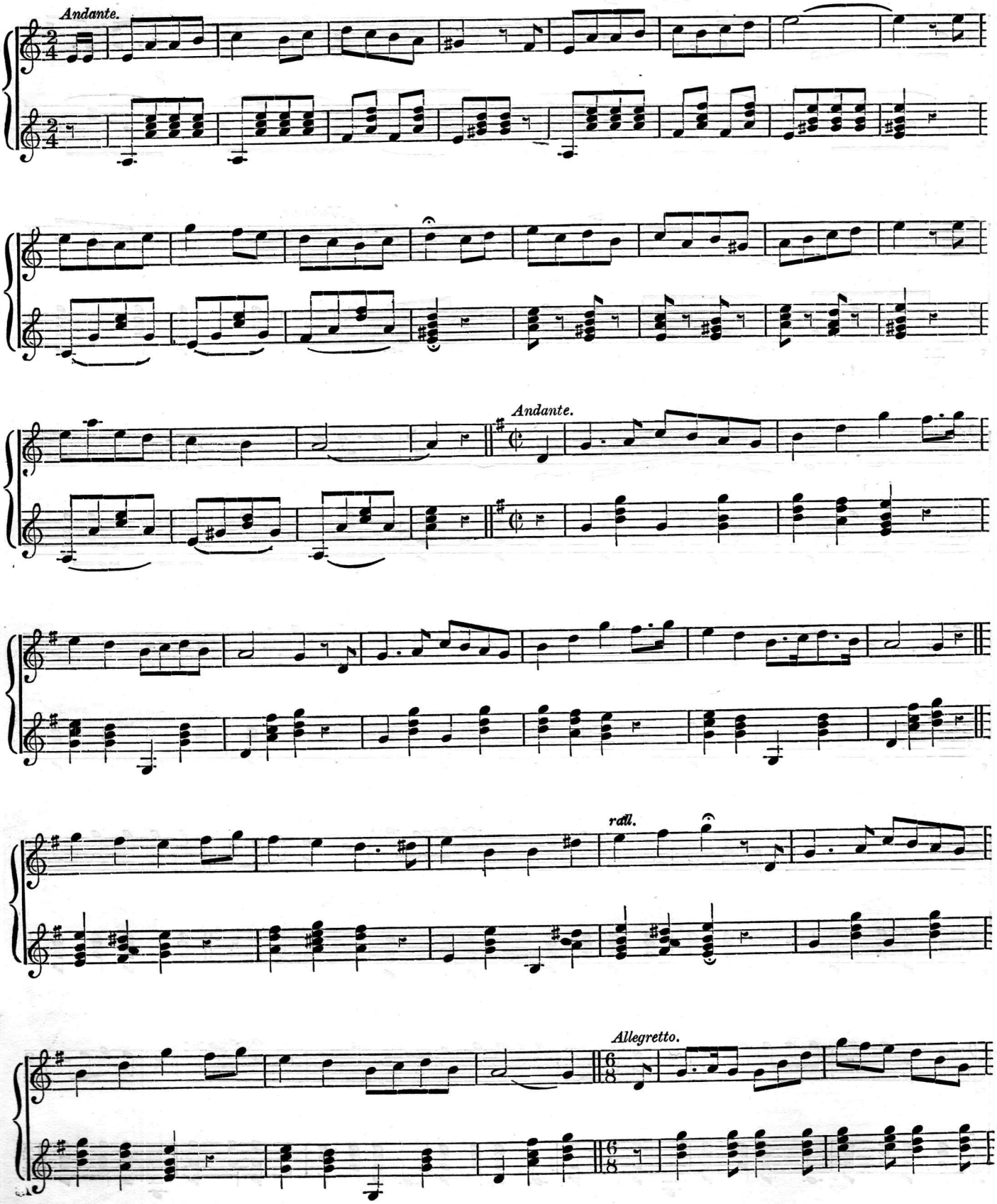
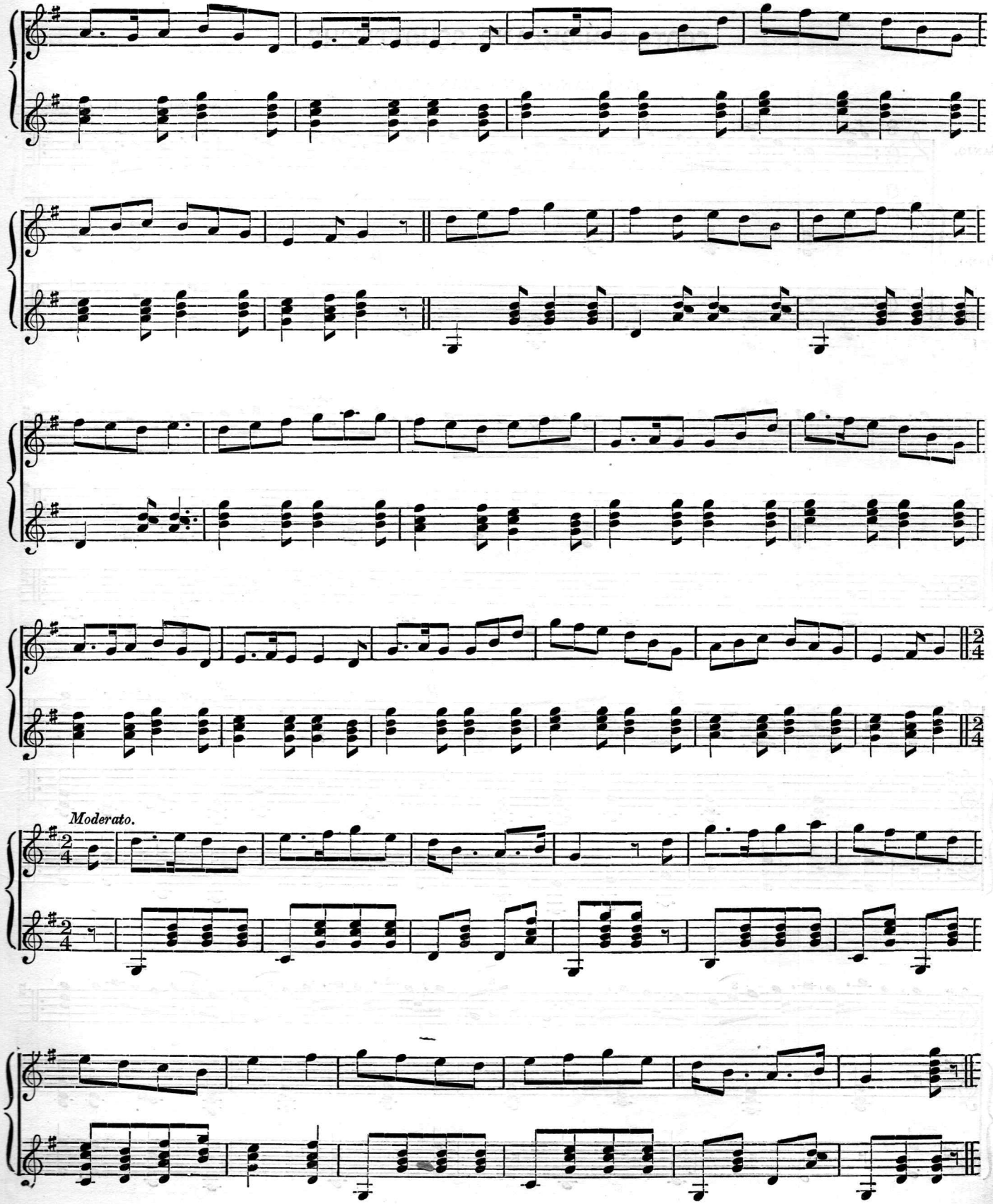
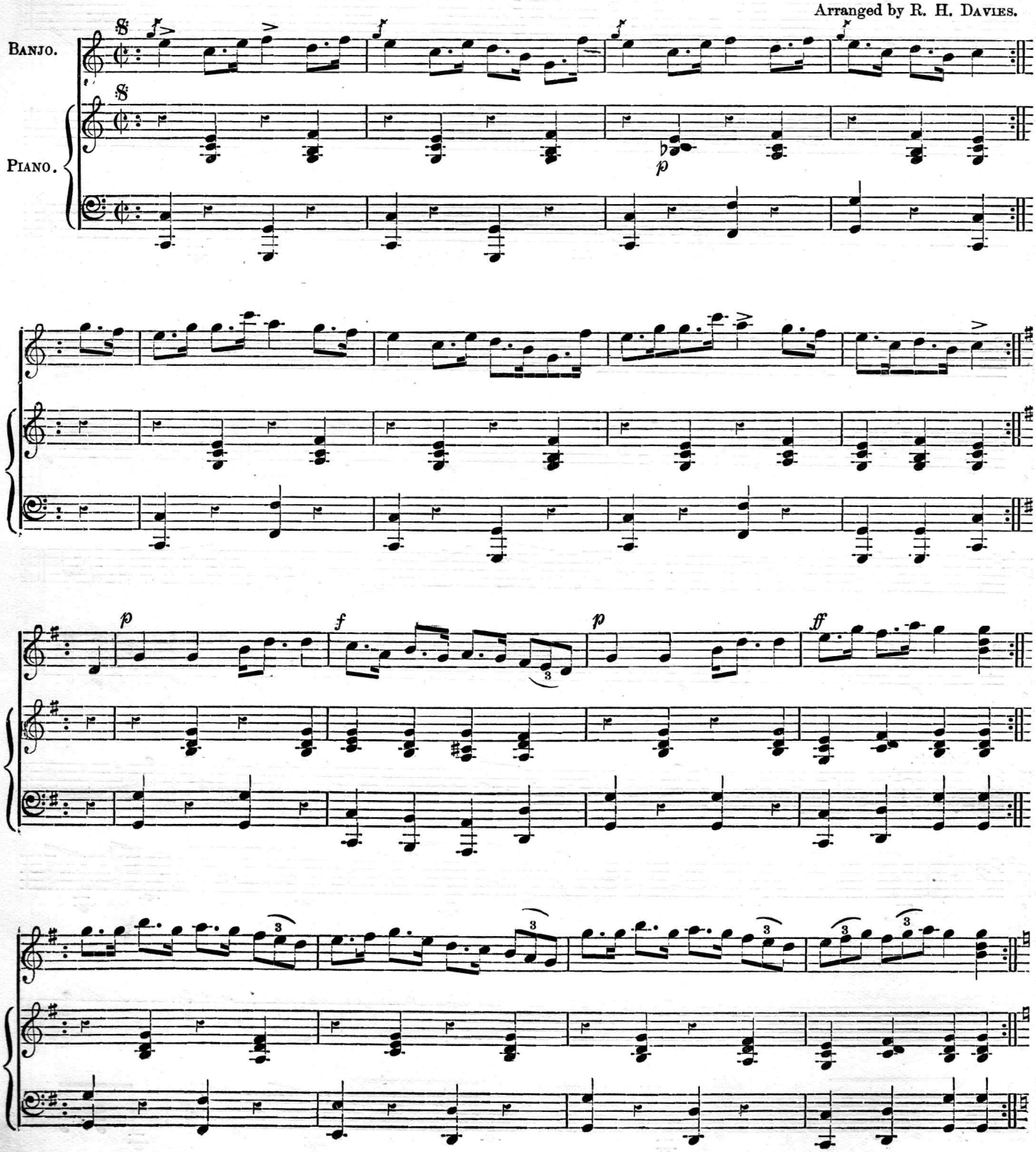
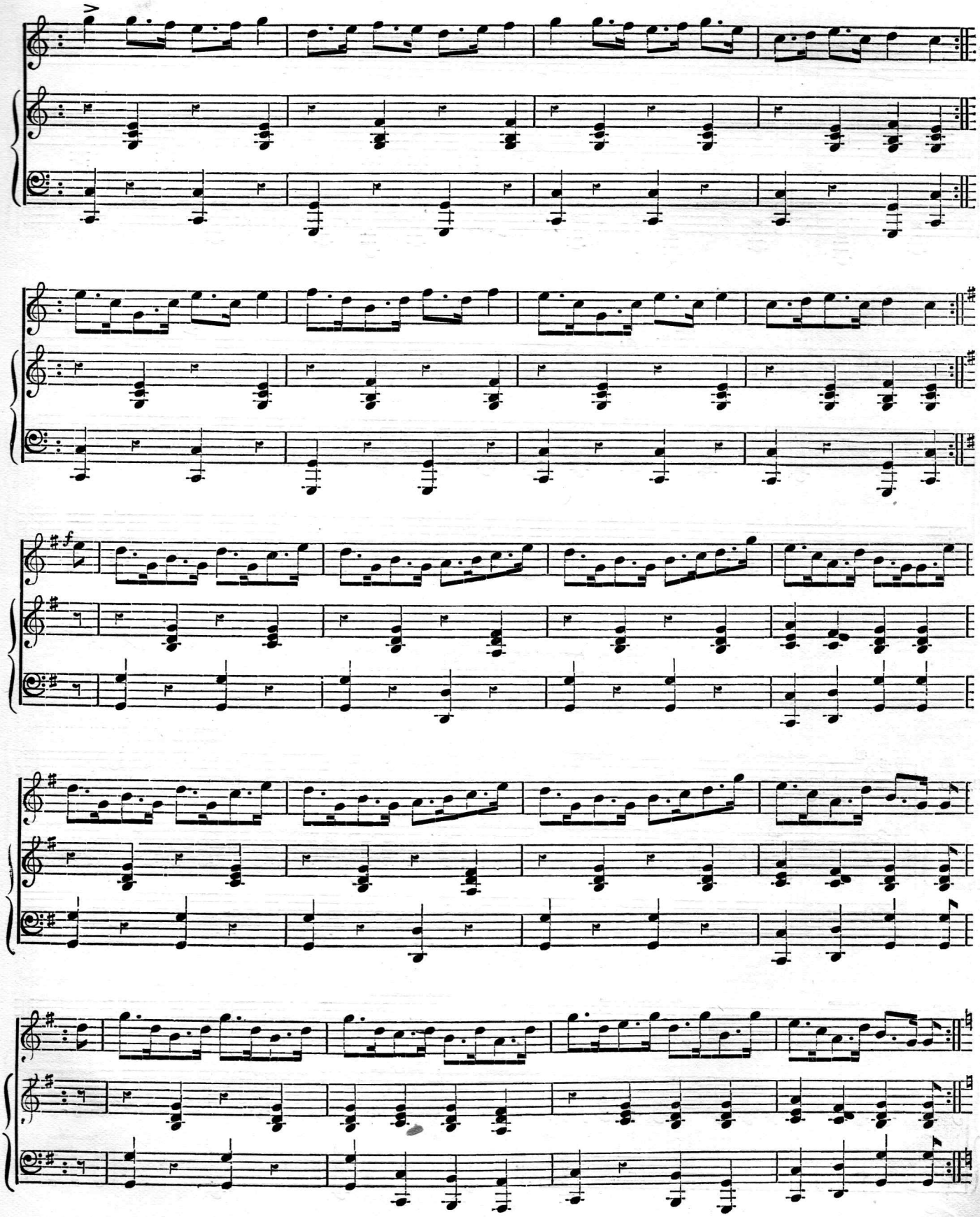
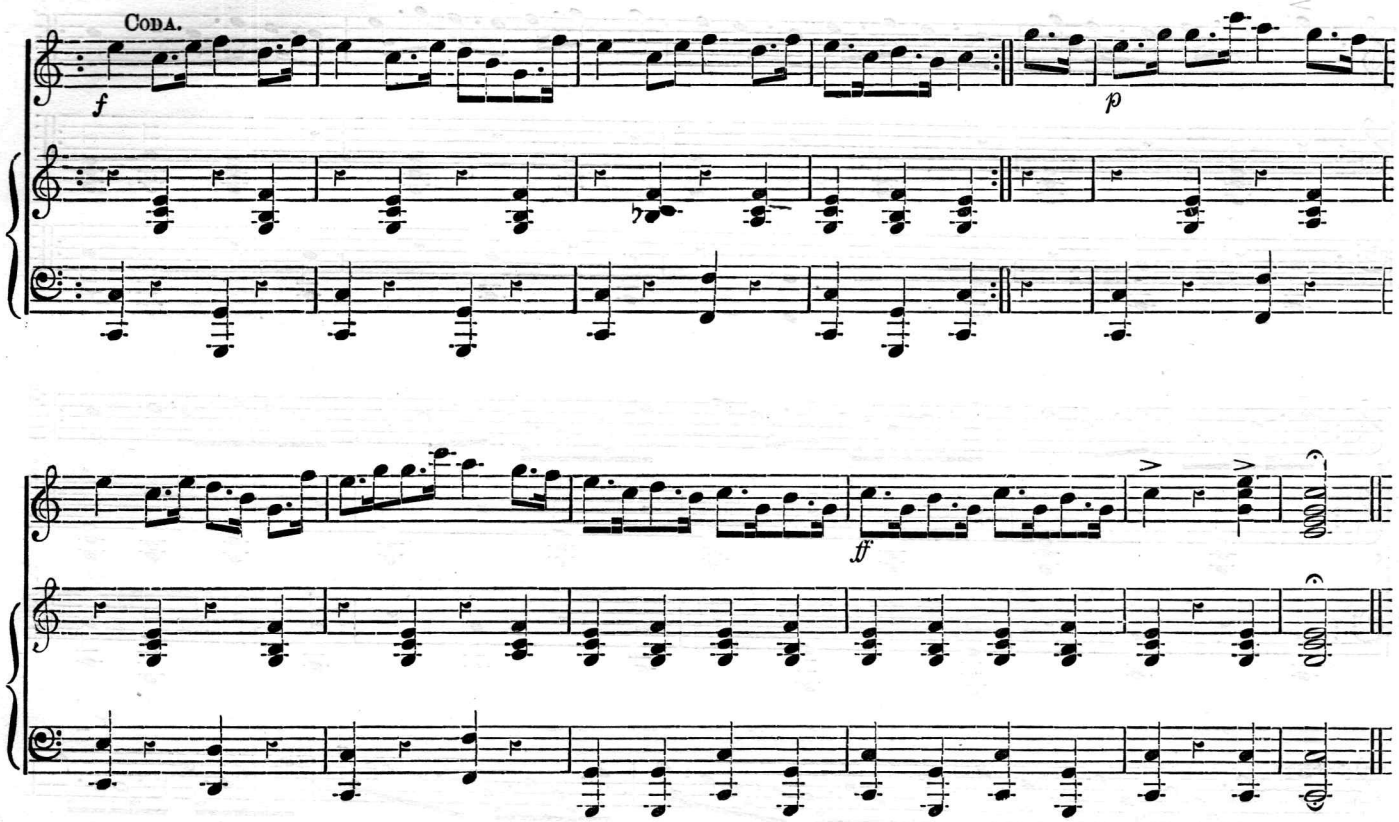
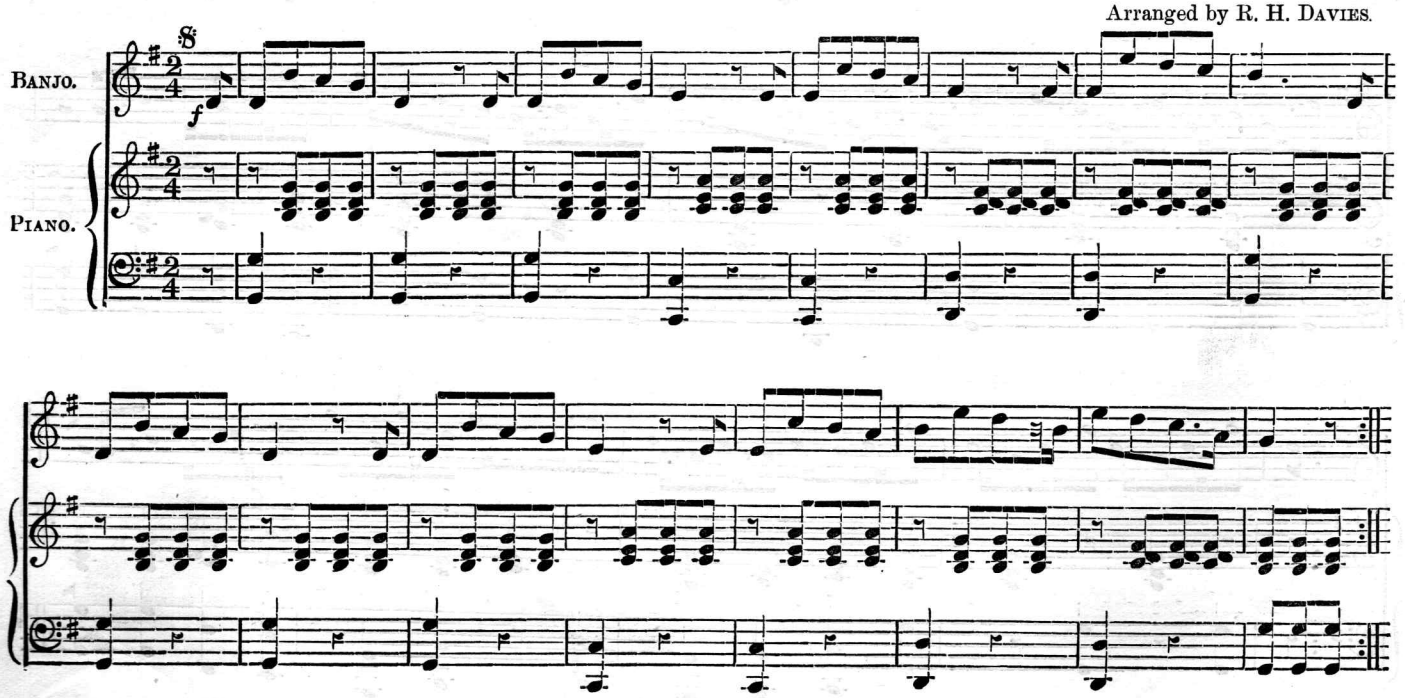
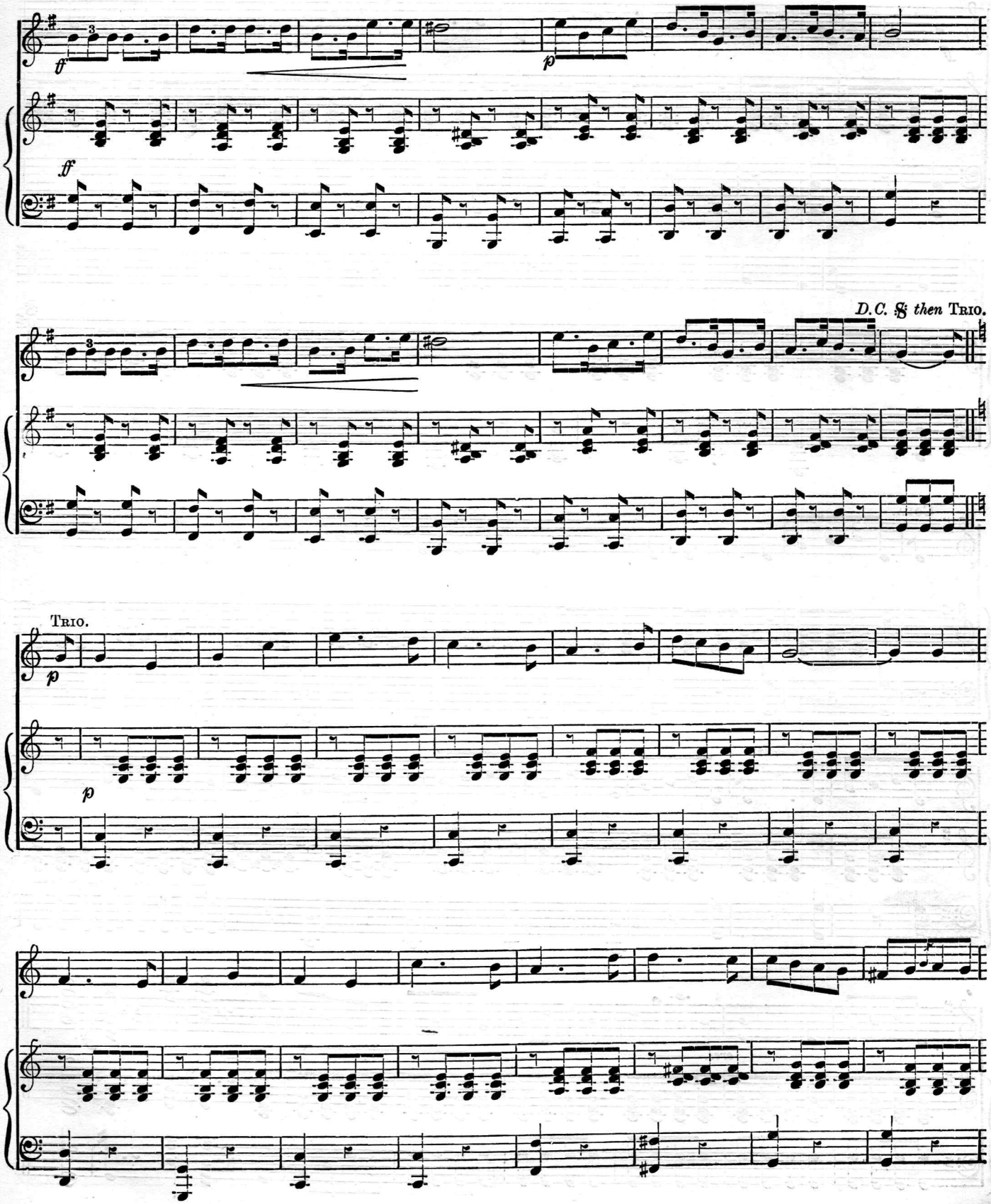

Andante.
Andante.
rall.
Allegretto.

Moderato.

COOTE'S HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE.

FOR BANJO AND PIANOFORTE.

Arranged by R. H. Davies.

THE SNOW-DRIFT GALOP.

FOR BANJO AND PIANOFORTE.

Arranged by R. H. Davies.

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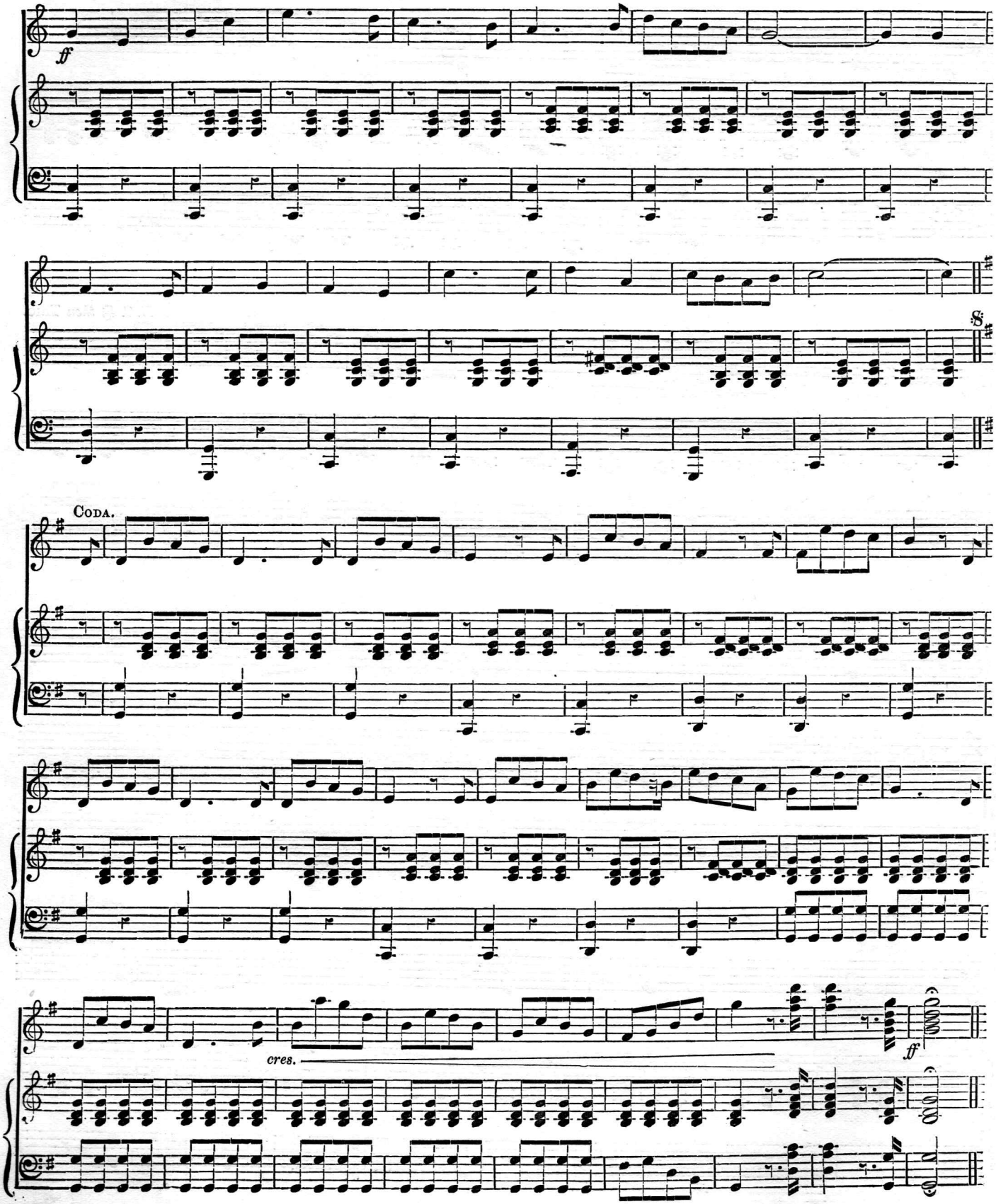
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THE ENCORE GALOP.

FOR BANJO AND PIANOFORTE.

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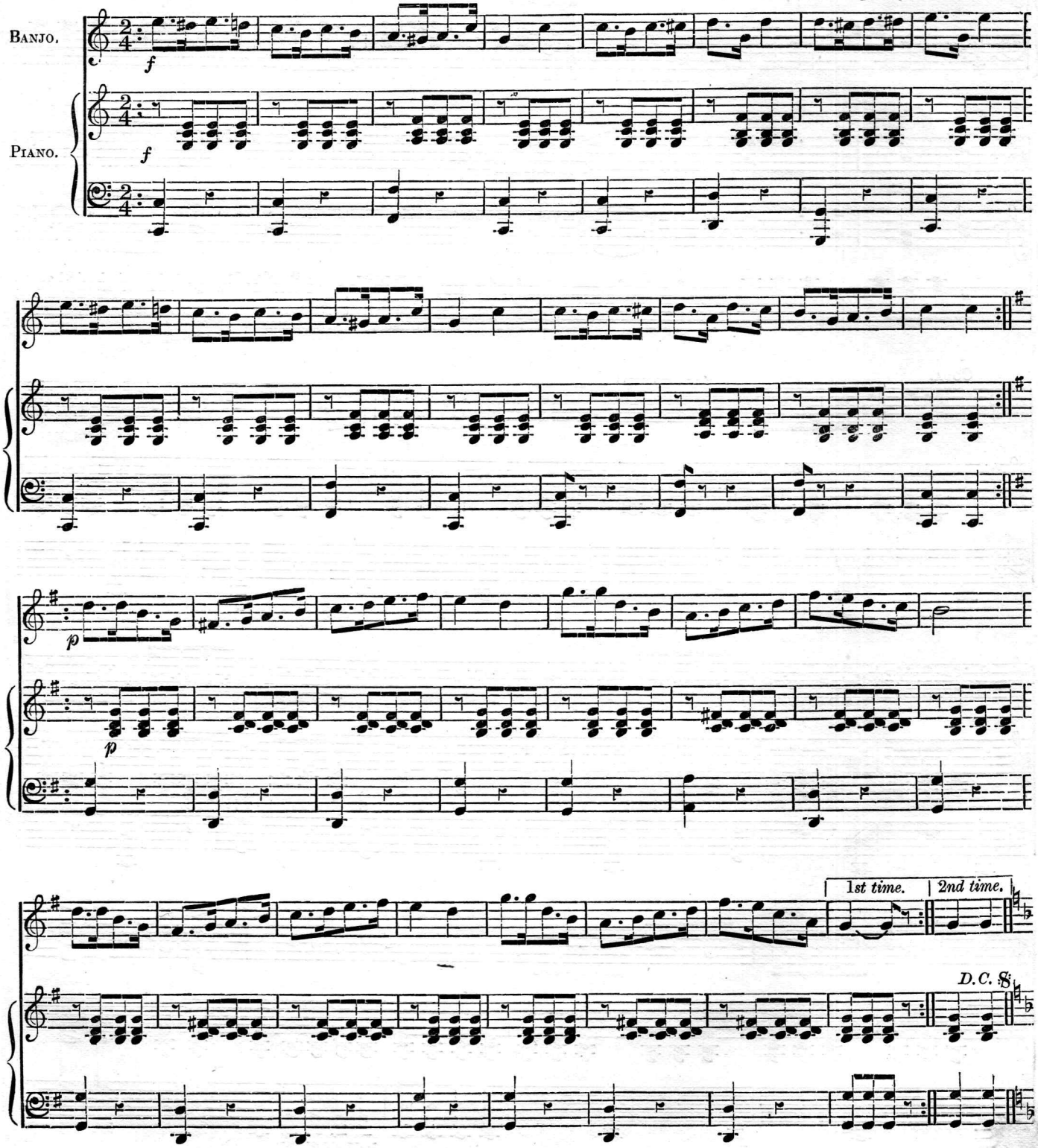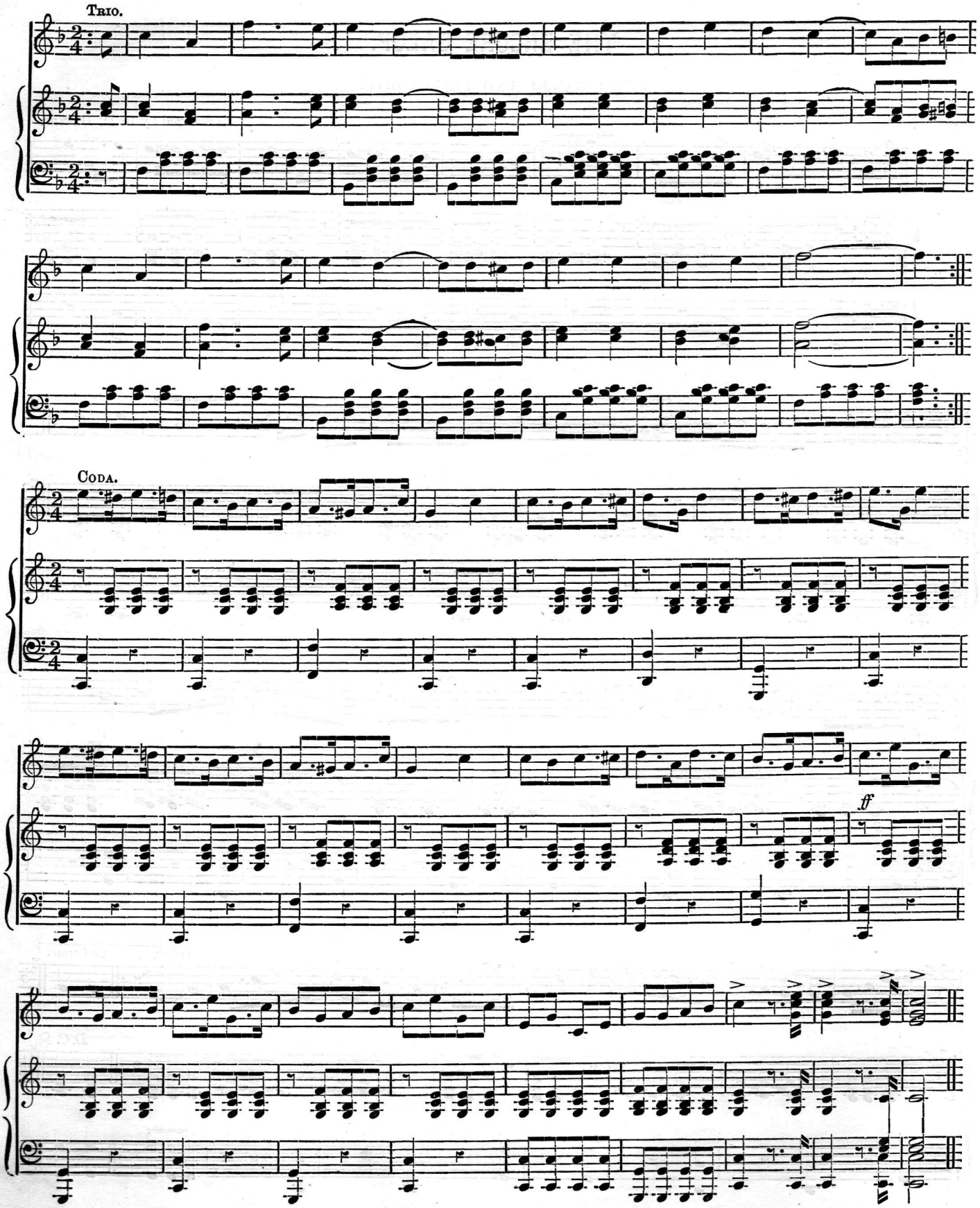
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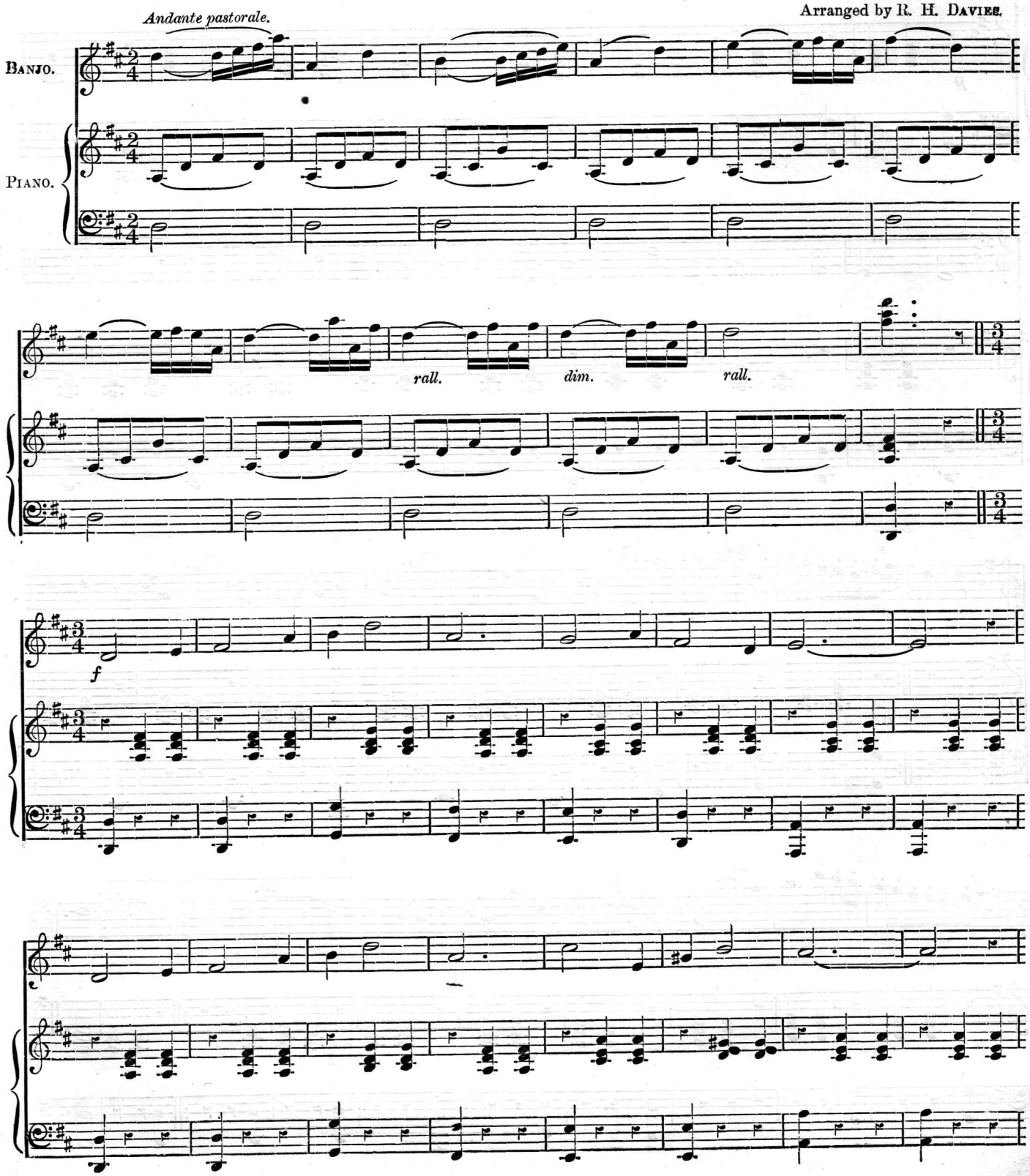
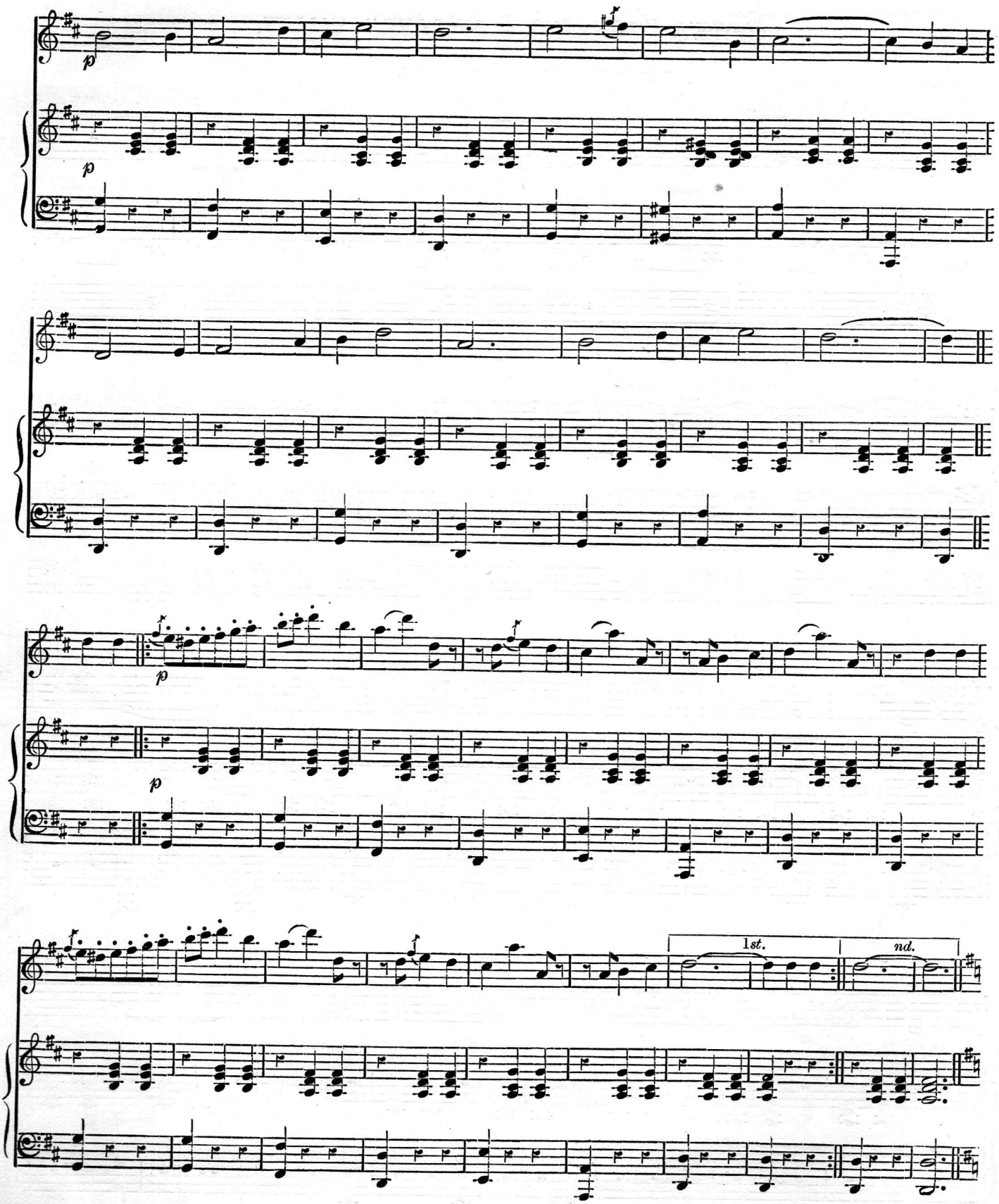
COOTE'S "MESSENGER OF LOVE" WALTZ.

FOR BANJO AND PIANOFORTE.

Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.

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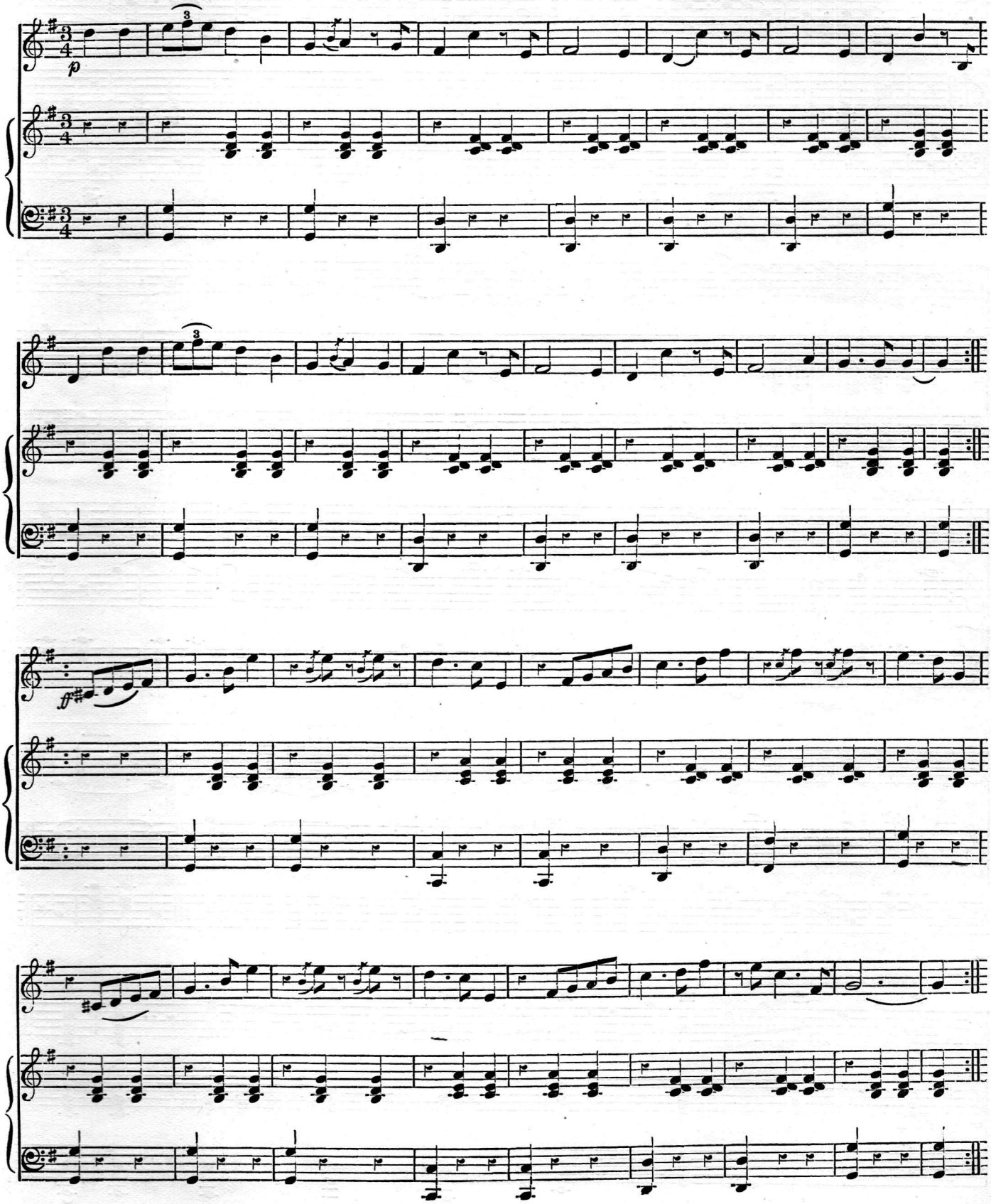
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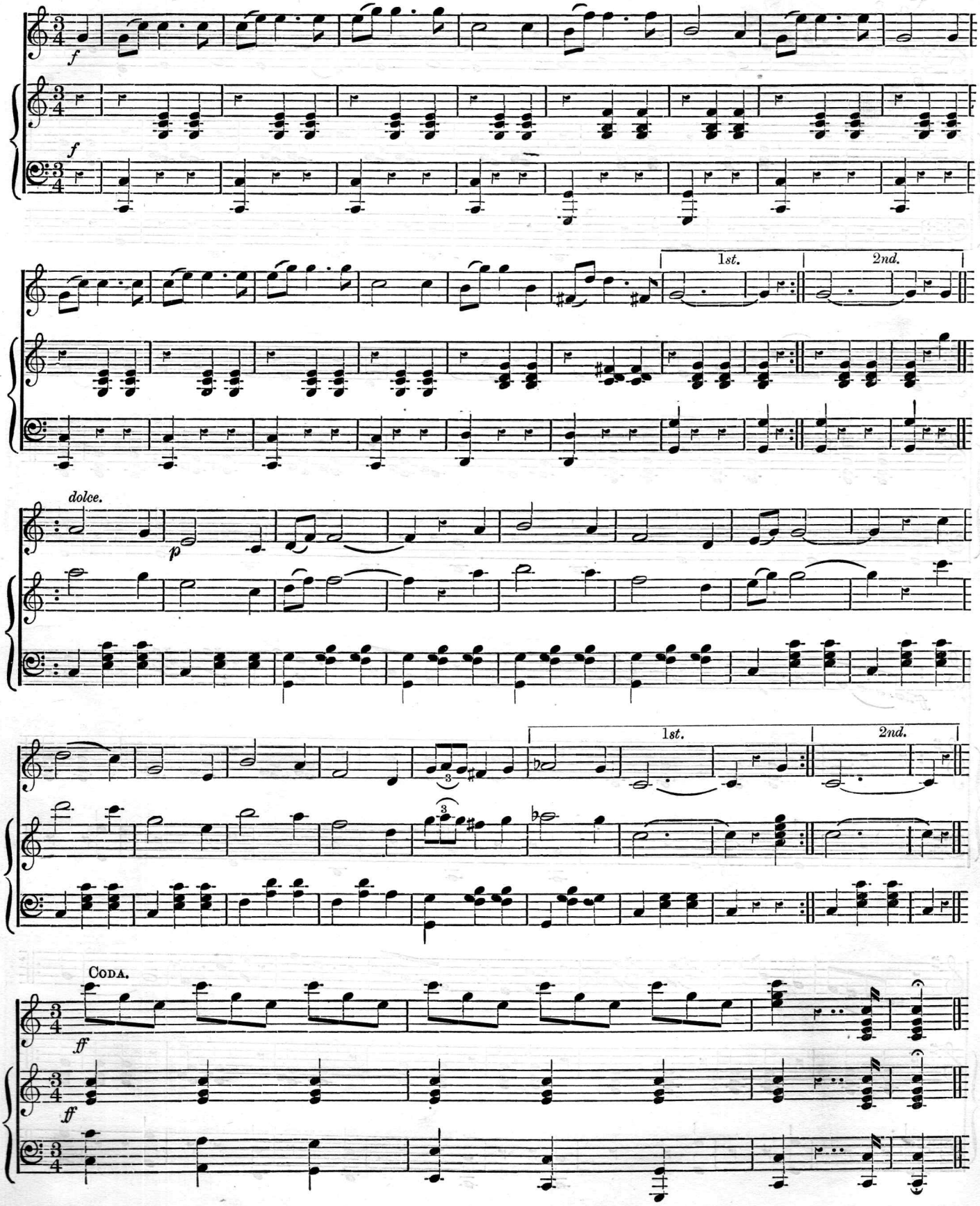
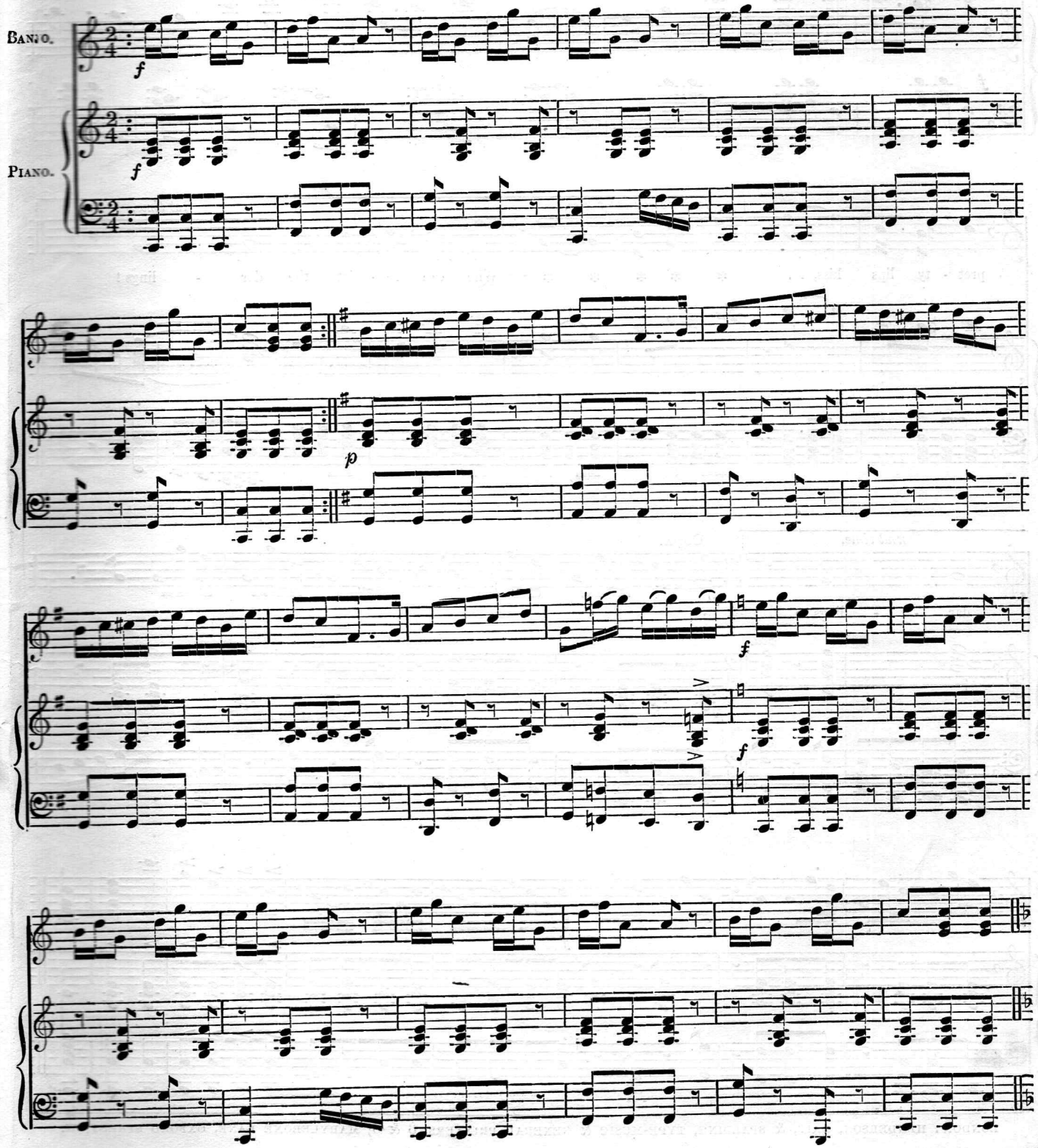
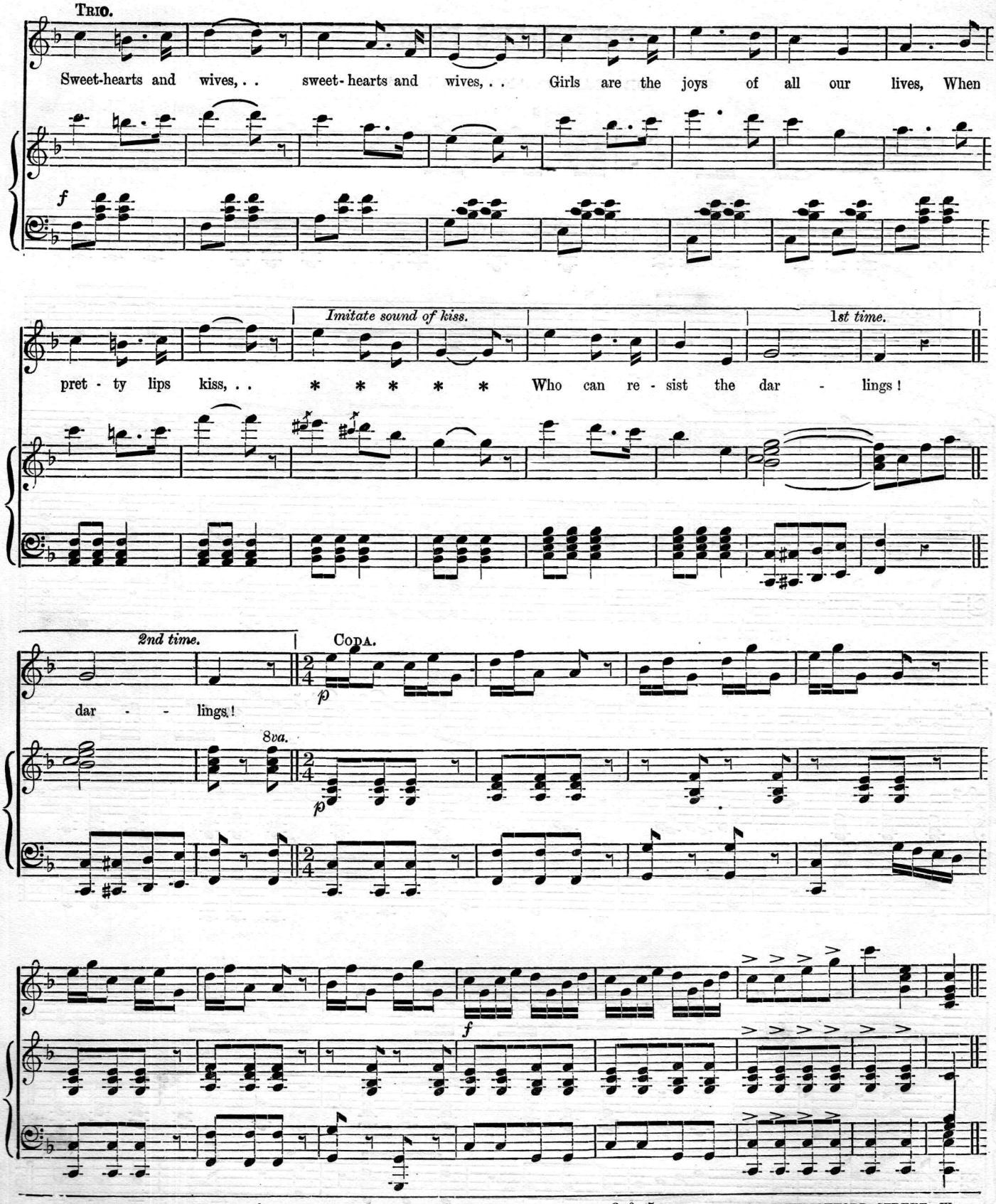

PRETTY LIPS POLKA.

FOR BANJO AND PIANOFORTE.

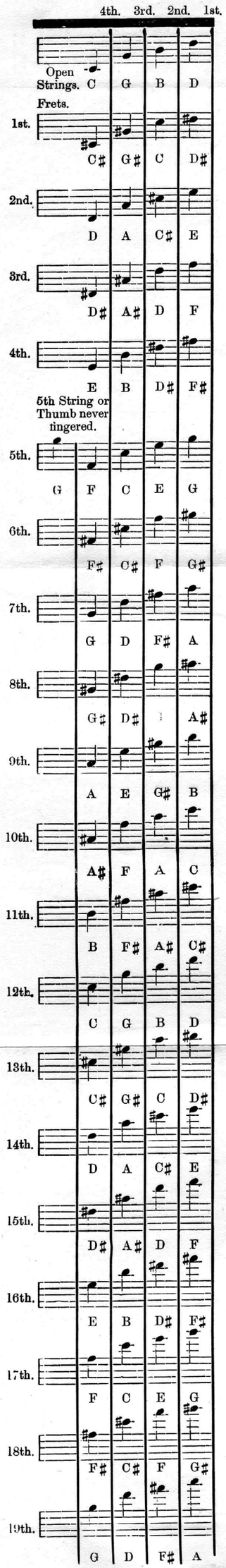
Arranged by R. H. DAVIES.



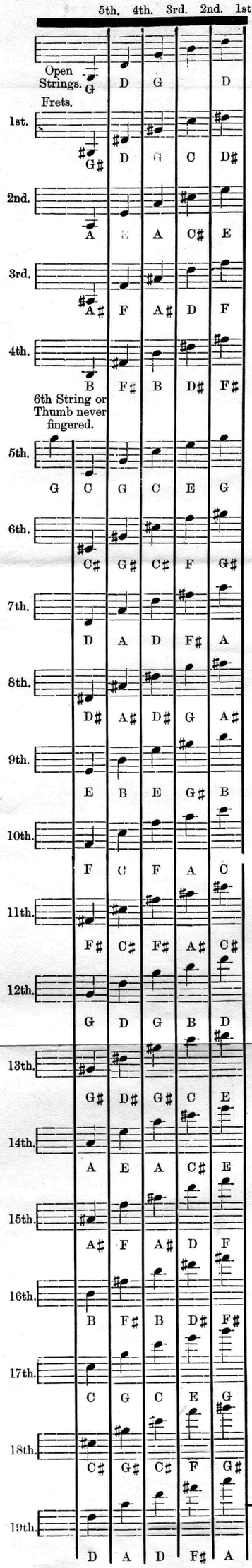
TRIO.
Sweet-hearts and wives, . . sweet-hearts and wives, . . Girls are the joys of all our lives, When
f
Imitate sound of kiss.
1st time.
pret - ty lips kiss, . . * * * * * Who can re - sist the dar - lings!
2nd time.
CODA.
dar - - lings!
p
8va.
p
f

LONDON: HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, TYPE-MUSIC & GENERAL PRINTERS, 3 & 5, MARYLEBONE LANE, OXFORD STREET, W.

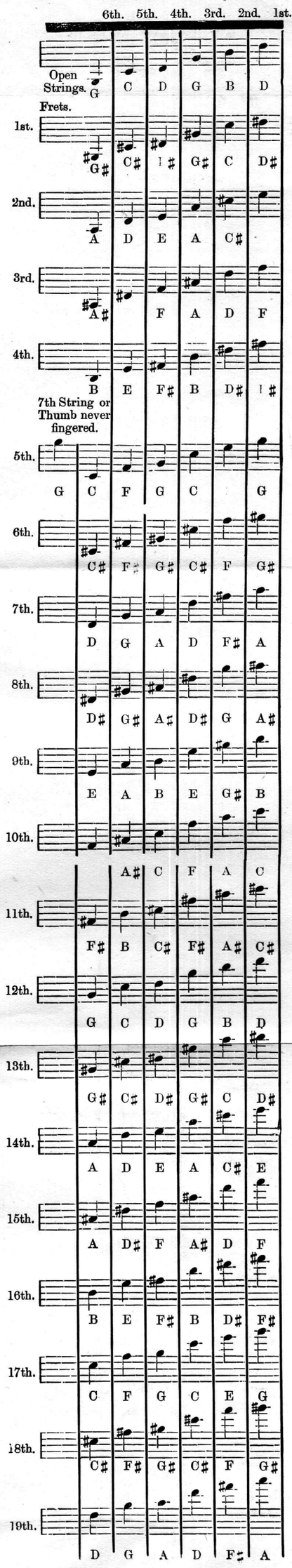
FIVE STRINGS.


4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.
Open Strings. C G B D
Frets.
1st. C♯ G♯ C D♯
2nd. D A C♯ E
3rd. D♯ A♯ D F
4th. E B D♯ F♯
5th String or Thumb never fingered.
5th. G F C E G
6th. F♯ C♯ F G♯
7th. G D F♯ A
8th. G♯ D♯ A♯
9th. A E G♯ B
10th. A♯ F A C
11th. B F♯ A♯ C♯
12th. C G B D
13th. C♯ G♯ C D♯
14th. D A C♯ E
15th. D♯ A♯ D F
16th. E B D♯ F♯
17th. F C E G
18th. F♯ C♯ F G♯
19th. G D F♯ A

SIX STRINGS.


5th. 4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.
Open Strings. G D G D
Frets.
1st. G♯ D G C D♯
2nd. A A C♯ E
3rd. A♯ F A♯ D F
4th. B F♯ B D♯ F♯
6th String or Thumb never fingered.
5th. G C G C E G
6th. C♯ G♯ C♯ F G♯
7th. D A D F♯ A
8th. D♯ A♯ D♯ G A♯
9th. E B E G♯ B
10th. F C F A C
11th. F♯ C♯ F♯ A♯ C♯
12th. G D G B D
13th. G♯ D♯ G♯ C E
14th. A E A C♯ E
15th. A♯ F A♯ D F
16th. B F♯ B D♯ F♯
17th. C G C E G
18th. C♯ G♯ C♯ F G♯
19th. D A D F♯ A

SEVEN STRINGS.


6th. 5th. 4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.
Open Strings. G C D G B D
Frets.
1st. G♯ C♯ D♯ G♯ C D♯
2nd. A D E A C♯
3rd. A♯ F A D F
4th. B E F♯ B D♯ F♯
7th String or Thumb never fingered.
5th. G C F G C G
6th. C♯ F♯ G♯ C♯ F G♯
7th. D G A D F♯ A
8th. D♯ G♯ A♯ D♯ G A♯
9th. E A B E G♯ B
10th. A♯ C F A C
11th. F♯ B C♯ F♯ A♯ C♯
12th. G C D G B D
13th. G♯ C♯ D♯ G♯ C D♯
14th. A D E A C♯ E
15th. A D♯ F A♯ D F
16th. B E F♯ B D♯ F♯
17th. C F G C E G
18th. C♯ F♯ G♯ C♯ F G♯
19th. D G A D F♯ A